AZEMIA,

A NOVEL:

CONTAINING

IMITATIONS OF THE MANNER, BOTH IN PROSE AND VERSE, OF MANY OF THE AUTHORS OF THE PRESENT DAY;

WITH

POLITICAL STRICTURES.

BY

J. A. M. JENKS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. I.

THE SECOND EDITION.

No flimsy gauze and frippery scenes I wrote,
With patches here and there like Joseph's coat.

CHURCHILL.

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1798.

ADDRESS.

GENTLE Readers, who have looked with ſo much favour on the Firſt Edition of this my Firſt Eſſay, and have received with complacency my humble attempts to emulate the various merits of each bright ſtar illuminating the galaxy of the Novel-reading World, be not offended if, encouraged by your ſmiles, I now adventure to tell a ſhort tale of my own.

And you, ye profound Critics! ye learned and ſagacious Reviewers! ye who in the plenitude of your wiſdom have diſcovered that "Azemia" was produced by a perſon of the ſame ſex as the Author of "The Elegant Enthuſiaſt," nay even that it was from the pen of the

ſame well-known character, (Robert Merry, Eſq.) while others of you have given it to ſundry other eminent names, and lamented that the Author did not employ his genius upon ſome newer plan; let me, while I am flattered by this involuntary praiſe, (for ſuch it ſurely is, to have the humble performance of a ſimple Female taken for the production of one of the Lords of the Creation), aſſure you that ye are for once miſtaken— and that internal evidence may not be wanting, I will in my own manner relate a ſtory which will favour ſo much of the feebleneſs of a feminine mind, where pity often ſuperſedes juſtice, that ye ſhall doubt no longer:—

EDWARD

EDWARD AND ELLEN.

" And ſeldom have ye heard a tale
" So ſad, ſo tender, and ſo true." SHENSTONE.

ABOUT ſeven years ſince there lived in a Northern County a very reſpectable farmer of the name of Mayfield. His farm was but ſmall, but it was ſufficient to afford him with induſtry a decent maintenance, and had enabled him to bring up his family, and to give them ſuch plain education as might form them to habits of œconomy and buſineſs.—His wife was one of the moſt notable good women in the country, and their three girls were reputed the beſt brought up of any young women for many miles around. They were handſome too, and the two eldeſt were very ſoon married to

reputable farmers of the neighbourhood. Two ſons now of age to aſſiſt their father in his farm, and a daughter, ſtill remained.

The young woman was by the few who ſaw her, diſtinguiſhed by the name of the fair Ellen—Beauty makes but little impreſſion on the lower ranks of life, but Ellen was univerſally allowed to be the belle of the county—Ellen heeded it not—Among all thoſe who talked to her of her charms, there was not one ſhe liſtened to with any pleaſure, not one to ſecure whoſe praiſe ſhe ever returned a ſecond time to the glaſs to adjuſt her ſimple head-dreſs, till Edward Willis, the ſon of a very opulent farmer in the next pariſh, declared himſelf ſenſible of her ſuperior beauty. It was not, however, becauſe he was likely to be rich that Ellen preferred him—they had been playmates from their early youth, and Edward had always ſhewn her a prefer-

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ence even before he could diſtinguiſh the advantages her lovely perſon gave her. She had always looked up to him as her friend and protector in all their infantine adventures. If her brothers, her ſiſters, or play-fellows, oppreſſed or neglected her, it was Edward Willis who defended her—And when his father ſent him from the village ſchool to a boarding-ſchool at York, Ellen, though then only eight years old, refuſed to eat, and forbore to play for two days: he was then fourteen years old, and had not deſiſted from his early habit of calling Ellen his little wife.

Edward had rich relations, and among them he paſſed the winter and ſummer vacations the firſt year; the ſecond he was taken to London by another of his couſins, and it was near two years before he reviſited his native home—He then returned to make a ſhort ſtay before he went into Norfolk, whither his father

ſent him to paſs two years more with a great farmer: but Edward was much changed; he was now almoſt a man grown, and he no longer thought of poor little Ellen; while the few times ſhe happened to ſee him, her ſweet blue eyes were ready to overflow, becauſe Edward ſeemed wholly to overlook her, and to have forgotten the time when he uſed to collect the prettieſt flowers and gather the fineſt fruit for "his little wife."

At length, after an abſence of almoſt four years more, Edward Willis returned to undertake the chief management of the great farms occupied by his father, now growing very old and infirm.

He was then in his twentieth year, and Ellen in her fifteenth—they met by accident—Edward was ſtruck by the beauty of a young woman, whom he ſaw walking on the heath, as he rode out to exerciſe a fine horſe he had juſt bought; and it was not till he had ſpoken to her as

a ſtranger,

a ſtranger, and with a degree of freedom which he had acquired in his travels, that he recogniſed the pretty acquaintance of his childhood, once acknowledged as "his little wife."

Edward, though he was become ſomewhat of a libertine, could not behold the beauty and innocence of Ellen without immediately forming wiſhes that the dreams of their happy infancy might be realiſed, and that ſhe whom he had then playfully elected might become his wife.

But to this there immediately aroſe many objections—his father was very covetous, his avarice having increaſed in proportion to his gains—and he had already ſignified to his ſon, that ſo fine a lad, with proſpects ſo good, ought to think of marrying a woman with money. His mother-in-law had ſtrengthened this opinion, by pointing out to him two young *Ladies*, as they were termed; one the daughter of a Nobleman's Steward,

whoſe father had lately left her ten thouſand pounds; the other the heireſs of an Attorney in a neighbouring market town, who inherited from her father the plunder of half a county. Old Mrs. Willis aſſured her ſon-in-law he might chuſe between them; and the venerable farmer enforced her advice, not thinking it any objection, that the firſt was a crooked dwarf about four feet high; and that the ſecond, beſides ſquinting intolerably, and being ſo ugly as hardly to be accounted human, had a conſiderable ſlaw in her reputation, and was ſuppoſed to have carried to a very conſequential extent, her complaiſance for more than one of her father's clerks.

Edward Willis perfectly underſtood the motives of his ſtep-mother in giving him this amiable pair from which to chuſe a wife. She had a ſon and four daughters of her own, and wiſhed the ſon of her huſband removed from the farm

farm as ſoon as her own was old enough to ſucceed to it: nothing was ſo likely to promote her views as his marrying ſome perſon whoſe property might engage him on his own account; while, if he refuſed to adopt a plan which his father was eager for, it was eaſy to foreſee that it would occaſion a breach between them, favourable to her views for her own family.

There was, therefore, but little hope, that a man ſo abſorbed in the deſire of getting money, and dead to every other principle, ſhould conſent that his ſon ſhould marry the portionleſs daughter of a ſmall farmer—neither her beauty, her ſweetneſs of diſpoſition, nor even her notable merits, were likely to have weight with him—Edward knew it but too well: yet the attractive qualities of Ellen were not to be reſiſted—every time he ſaw her ſhe appeared more and more lovely: he told her ſo; he vowed to her an ever-

laſting attachment. Ellen loved and believed him.

Her father, who was a man of ſuperior though of uncultivated underſtanding, ſoon perceived that Edward Willis was attached to his fair Ellen; and her welfare, for which he was particularly ſolicitous, would not admit of any heſitation as to the part he had to take.—He ſeized, therefore, the earlieſt opportunity of ſpeaking to Edward, who avowed himſelf the lover of Ellen, and as openly acknowledged his deſign to marry her, which, however, he owned it was but too improbable he could do, without offending his father.

Mayfield, who was ſimple and ingenuous, and rather blunt, then declared in a few words to young Willis that he muſt either obtain his father's approbation of the marriage or deſiſt from viſiting Ellen.—"Look you, Maſter Willis," ſaid the honeſt farmer, "I know very well

well that you are one of the beſt matches in our country, and I can give Ellen nothing but her wedding gown perhaps, and an hundred pounds or ſo at my death: but, if you were the ſon of a Peer of the realm, nay of my own landlord, inſtead of the ſon of my good neighbour Willis, I ſhould ſay the ſame, that my Ellen ſhall never marry into a family that ſcorns and deſpiſes her—ſhe is a pretty girl, few are better to look upon—and what is beyond that, ſhe is a good girl, and has been well brought up; but if my neighbour Willis expects money with his daughter-in-law, why my Ellen is no match for you; and in that caſe I hope you'll not take it amiſs if I beg you won't come after her.—Keeping of company together, when nothing is like to come of it, is very bad for young bodies, ſuch as my Ellen; and I won't have my girl diſparaged and blown

upon, if it were by the ſon and heir of a Duke."

Willis in vain would have repreſented that his father was old and infirm—that he might perhaps by degrees be induced to alter his mind—if not, that it was unlikely he ſhould live very long; and he offered to engage himſelf to marry Ellen on his deceaſe, if Mayfield would not refuſe him the privilege of viſiting her in the mean time.—Mayfield, however, continued firm—he declared in plain terms, that young Willis muſt either conſent to his going to his father to aſk his concurrence, or ceaſe to frequent the houſe.—Ellen wept in ſilence over a reſolve, the propriety of which ſhe felt; and Willis retired half angry with Mayfield, and half reſolving to cure himſelf of his luckleſs paſſion. But in two days he met his lovely miſtreſs walking alone towards the houſe of one of her ſiſters—ſhe was pale and dejected, but he though

thought her more beautiful than ſhe ever appeared in the higheſt health. He left his horſe at the cottage of one of his labourers, and walked with her acroſs the fields. All his eloquence and all his art was called forth to deſcribe his love and his deſpair.—Ellen could not bear the deſcription; ſhe confeſſed that ſhe loved him, and ſhould die if ſure they were to part for ever.—Edward tore himſelf away, after he had prevailed upon the weeping girl to conſent to meet him clandeſtinely, till he could obtain, what he promiſed inceſſantly to labour at, the conſent of his father to their union.

However ſtrong his paſſion was for this lovely young woman, Edward had not fortitude enough to riſk, by braving his father's diſpleaſure, the loſs of all thoſe enjoyments which he knew he might otherwiſe be one day able to indulge in.—A taſte for ſuch pleaſures as once were little thought of by northern

farmers

farmers he had unfortunately acquired during his reſidence in other counties, and his viſits to the metropolis; and it ſtill more unfortunately happened, that juſt at this period the richeſt of the gentlemen in their neighbourhood died, and his ſon, a young man juſt of age, ſucceeded to his great poſſeſſions.—He no ſooner came to inhabit the old family hall, than Edward Willis, whoſe anceſtors had for centuries rented ſome of his land, became known to him.—Edward had great ſkill in horſes, was an excellent ſportſman, had many other qualities of good fellowſhip that recommended him to his young landlord; and he was ſoon more at the manor-houſe than at home.—His father, fooliſhly flattered by the preference thus given to "his Ned" over other lads of the ſame rank, encouraged rather than checked an intimacy ſo prejudicial to his buſineſs; and Edward ſoon loſt more than his habitual

habitual attention to the reſpectable employment he was brought up to; he loſt his morals, his principles, his ſenſe of right and wrong—he learned to drink, and, what was yet worſe, he learned to play.

The innocent Ellen was too ſoon a victim to the new doctrines her lover had learned of his great acquaintance. The hiſtory of their love had been diſcloſed to Mr. Northam, and he had adviſed Willis to carry the girl off.—This Willis for ſome time heſitated to do; but too ſoon it became neceſſary for her to go, that ſhe might eſcape the reſentment of parents who would ſhe too well knew be frantic with anger and regret.

One dark night, therefore, the unhappy Ellen ſtole from the paternal houſe, with only a few ſhillings in her pocket and a ſmall bundle of linen in her hand. An agent employed by Mr. Northam, at the requeſt of her ſeducer

met

met her with a horſe on the heath, about two miles from the farm, and by croſs roads conveyed her to the town little frequented by people of the farmer's neighbourhood, where he put her into a ſtage, which in its due courſe ſet her down at a ſmall lodging previouſly taken for her in an obſcure ſtreet in the ſuburbs of London.

Thither her lover ſoon repaired.—The conſequence of his acquaintance with Mr. Northam, was his being initiated into a manner of life totally unlike that of ſimplicity and induſtry, for which he had been deſigned.—He had learned to drink deep, to play for ſtakes one of which he would once have conſidered as a fortune. His knowledge in horſes had made him an acceptable companion to the frequenters of Newmarket, and he inſenſibly rivalled the vices and the expences of his aſſociates, particularly of his friend and patron Northam, by whoſe

whoſe advice he had prevailed on the unfortunate Ellen to quit her father's houſe, and to put herſelf under his protection.

Ellen, except when tender recollections of her father and mother ſomewhat diſturbed her, was for a time happy—ſhe loved Willis with an ardency that abſorbed every other feeling—ſhe ſaw him every day apparently as much attached to *her*—he ſeemed riſing into a ſuperior ſtation of life, for Ellen little knew the hollowneſs of that ſemblance of proſperity which his preſent connections beſtowed.—He led her to public places, dreſſed as ſhe had never before thought of being dreſſed: a new world was every day opening to her unexperienced mind—and ſhe had hardly time to reflect that ſhe was not his wife, or to recall to her recollection thoſe maxims which might have diſcovered to her the danger of her preſent ſituation.

After

After about two months the viſits of Willis were leſs frequent—his gaiety ſeemed forced, and he appeared to forget that Ellen had no other reliance than on him for her daily exiſtence; for ſometimes he left her without giving her money, and ſhe had no courage to aſk him for what he uſed to laviſh with a profuſion which would have made her uneaſy, had ſhe not thought he had reſources of which ſhe knew nothing.

At length, when he had one day ſat with her almoſt without ſpeaking for ſome time, ſhe ventured to aſk whether any thing had happened to make him uneaſy? He fixed on her a wild look; then ſtarting from his chair, he exclaimed, "Uneaſy, Ellen—Oh! I have ſtruggled hard to hide it from thee, poor victim of my damned folly—I am an undone wretch, and I have undone thee."

He then became almoſt frantic; and it

was

was not till after ſome time the poor girl learned that Mr. Northam, by an unſucceſsful run at play and on the turf, and by ſome engagements he had made, was utterly ruined, and with him many that had ſupplied him with money—among whom was Edward Willis, who had ſold the reverſion of all he was ſure to inherit after his father's death, and had raiſed money by many other ways dictated to him by Northam, ſome of which were of the moſt dangerous experiment. All was now gone; for the former creditors of Northam had ſeized every thing, and he had himſelf abſconded to avoid perpetual impriſonment.

Ellen ventured trembling to enquire after old Willis, and heard that he had forbidden his ſon ever again to appear before him, and refuſed even to hear his name mentioned. He had an uncle alſo, his mother's brother, who had formerly been kind to him. By means of a friend

he

he had lately made application to that uncle, who, inſtead of anſwering with his former friendlineſs, or even with compaſſion, ſent him, or would, if his friend would have taken it, a rope, with a very harſh meſſage, " that the only thing his friends could wiſh was, that he might have courage to hang himſelf, ſince otherwiſe they ſhould have the mortification of hearing that he was executed as an example of public juſtice."

Ellen, inſtead of adding by uſeleſs lamentations to the diſtreſs of her lover, endeavoured to recall him to hope; and though ſhe for the firſt time beheld the frightful features of the phantom Pleaſure, which had till now been concealed from her by the united illuſions of ignorance and love; though ſhe now ſaw poverty and diſgrace faſt approaching to overwhelm both herſelf and the man ſhe was ſo fondly attached to; yet ſuch was the juſtneſs and ſtrength of her mind,

that

that ſhe prepared at once to meet them.—"Let me go to ſervice, Edward," ſaid ſhe; "I have always been brought up to work, why ſhould I not work now?—Inſtantly, Oh! inſtantly let me relieve you from all care about me—Surely ſome one or other will receive me; and indeed there is no condition I will ſhrink from, if you, Edward, will ſometimes come to ſee me—(her voice faltered)—Ah! no. You will go back, I hope, to Yorkſhire, to our dear native country: but if you do not quite forget me, Edward, if you now and then ſend me a meſſage or a line, I will not complain, Edward—indeed I will not!"

The paſſion of the ill-ſtarred Edward for this lovely victim of his diſſolute principles had not ſuffered any diminution, and he now loved her more than ever. Inſtead of hearing the reproaches he deſerved, for having enticed her from her happy home by promiſes he had not

not performed, he found her ready to devote herſelf to the hardſhips of the humbleſt ſervitude, rather than add to his diſtreſſes. His original generoſity of heart revived for a moment—he determined to cheriſh no longer thoſe fallacious hopes which had miſled him; and bitterly repenting his folly, and regretting all he had loſt, he determined to go himſelf to ſervice. Their plan was ſoon adjuſted. The trinkets his laviſh love had purchaſed for Ellen, though not of great value, were now uſefully applied, being, with ſome part of both their clothes, diſpoſed of to diſcharge their more preſſing debts. Fortune ſeemed to favour their virtuous intentions; for Ellen got recommended to a ſervice in a very reputable family, and Edward with equal apparent ſucceſs became upper groom to a Nobleman, where he had little elſe to do than to ſuperintend the reſt.—Their ſeparation was very bitter at firſt;

but

but the conſciouſneſs of acting right, and the neceſſity of being continually occupied, reſtored ſome degree of cheerfulneſs to poor Ellen: ſhe exerted herſelf to pleaſe her employers; and her modeſt appearance and gentle manners contributed to recommend her to their favour. Edward ſometimes viſited her, and the little intervals of reſt allowed to ſervants ſhe gave to him—he was underſtood in the family to be her lover; but as he did not often intrude, no objection was made to his viſits.

Some time thus paſſed, and Ellen hoped and believed her lover was ſaving from his wages a little fund: he had aſſured her (and it was true when he ſaid ſo) that ſuch was his intention, and that he thought he might in a year or two marry, and ſtock a ſmall farm in the neighbourhood of London.

But the fatality that purſued him would not ſuffer him to realize this rational

tional plan.—He ſerved a man of high rank, whoſe reſidence in London was crowded with idle and diſſolute ſervants, as well thoſe who were kept to diſplay the opulence of the maſter, as thoſe of many of his viſitors: theſe men played, in proportion to their circumſtances, as deeply as their ſuperiors. In an evil hour Edward was tempted to aſſociate himſelf with them—He won, and all the propenſities he had acquired while living among Northam and his friends returned upon him—in deſpite of reaſon and conviction he perſevered — Fortune turned againſt him. One of his comrades, who had an equal run of ill-luck, could not ſubmit to it—he broke open his Lord's eſcritoir, and took money, notes, and trinkets, to a conſiderable amount. By means of a Jew, to whom he ſold a diamond ſhirt-buckle, he was detected; and the gambling practices which had ſo warped his honeſty were in

his examination diſcovered. All the domeſtics in the houſe who had taken a part in them were diſcharged immediately, and among them Edward, who, though he had no ſhare in the robbery, was marked as a very conſpicuous figure in the ſcenes which had led to it.

The circumſtance of the robbery made a noiſe. The name of Edward Willis was repeated till it was in ſome degree confounded with that of the culprit.—Ellen's miſtreſs, who knew it was the ſame man who viſited her ſervant, and thought ſhe ſaw the confirmation of his guilt in the dejection of Ellen herſelf, diſcharged her at an hour's notice; and the unhappy girl with the ſmall remains of her wages in her pocket again threw herſelf on the protection of her lover, who ſaw with undeſcribable anguiſh poverty threatening her and himſelf, while of every honeſt means of eſcaping it his

own folly and indiſcretion had deprived him.

To ſtop in the downward path of evil is not always poſſible to the ſtrong mind fortified by education and experience. The ill-fated Edward found it an effort to which he was unequal, preſſed as he was by the example and perſuaſion of his former companions on one ſide, and on the other by the daily increaſing wants of the unhappy and beloved girl whoſe affection for him had involved her in his ruin.

Inſenſibly the ſmall remains of pride and of integrity gave way:—he again met his old companions; he heard their maxims continually repeated, and he ſaw ſome of them act upon thoſe maxims with impunity. Neceſſity came forward in ſupport of the theory and the practice. His own he might perhaps have endured, th ou g hwhat s ſo difficult as to ſubmit

to

to deprivation, when every gratification ſeems courting the acceptance of a young and ardent ſpirit—when on every hand are beheld men wallowing in the luxuries of life, who were only plunderers of a higher deſcription, and on a larger ſcale—when he ſaw how true it was,

" That little villains muſt ſubmit to fate,
" While great ones may enjoy the world in ſtate ?"

He ſaw that almoſt every body preyed upon the public who had intereſt to obtain any employment in its ſervice; and that thoſe who had no ſuch intereſt made themſelves amends by preying on each other. Such obſervations have the effect of ſhaking the ſoundeſt principles, and well might they contribute to annihilate thoſe of Edward, already undermined by the company he had been led into.

He did not, however, ſo entirely ſtifle the voice of reaſon and conſcience,

as to plunge at once into the moſt nefarious acts of public depredation, and frequently he recoiled from the reproach his conſcience made him, even for the leaſt violation of honeſty; but again he looked abroad, and again he ſaw half the proſperous world enjoying themſelves without principle and remorſe, or even reflection.

The neceſſities of his Ellen, who was now likely to give birth to a little unfortunate ſharer in their diſtreſſes, preſſed upon him with irreſiſtable urgency.

This unhappy infant partner of their evil deſtiny was born—Ellen could no longer contribute the little her feeble hands had yet undertaken towards their ſupport. The feelings of the huſband and the father were not to be reſiſted—He entered into a plan with five others

to

to obtain money—he was detected, ſeized and impriſoned!

Ellen's boy was then rather more than three weeks old—ſhe had that evening received a very unexpected viſit from a perſon employed by one of her relations, who was ordered to deliver to her three guineas, and to enquire into her ſituation. This ſeaſonable relief, and the hope of being again received by her family, which ſhe thought this enquiry promiſed, had given her a tranquillity of ſpirit which ſhe had not taſted for many months. She dreſſed herſelf and her baby with more than uſual attention, prepared a little repaſt for Edward, and waited his arrival with that tender ſolicitude which thoſe only can imagine who have anticipated the delight of communicating to a beloved object pleaſure and comfort.

But when the uſual hour of his return to their lodging came, and Edward did not appear, the cheerfulneſs and alacrity of poor Ellen ſunk—ſhe liſtened to every noiſe in the ſtreet—paſſengers paſſed, but Edward's ſtep was not among them. The lodgers in the ſame houſe returned to their rooms—as they rapped at the door, the anxious Ellen flew to the top of the ſtairs, liſtening with a beating heart for Edward's voice; but it grew late—twelve, one, two o'clock came—every noiſe ſubſided, but ſtill no Edward appeared!

The wretched Ellen had hardly courage to take, before ſhe went to her bed, as much nouriſhment as enabled her to ſupport the infant that depended on her, and but for which ſhe would hardly have refrained from ruſhing out at any hour and at any hazard to ſeek her loſt lover.

He

He was loſt indeed!—The next day the miſerable girl ſaw him in the gate-houſe—there ſhe would have taken up her abode, but all ſhe could obtain was permiſſion to be with him during the day. His trial was to come on in about three weeks—ſhe ſold every thing ſhe had left to contribute to his ſupport, and to procure advice for him from ſuch lawyers as will condeſcend to uſe their eloquence (on being paid for it) to excuſe the miſdemeanors of the poor.

She alſo by dint of inceſſant application obtained a little work; and while exerting herſelf in every way to aſſiſt her ill-fated lover, no murmur, no reproach ever eſcaped her—ſhe knew it was rather for her and her child than for himſelf that he had incurred the diſgrace and danger of his preſent ſituation; and ſhe loved him more now than when in the firſt days of their ill-judged elope-

ment ſhe had ſhared his tranſient proſperity.

Edward, aſhamed of writing to his father, employed an acquaintance to ſee whether he could be induced in this cruel moment to aſſiſt him with money, which it was ſaid would ſave him. But in anſwer, this friend was informed, that the old man had been dead ſome time—that his widow, and his children by her, were in poſſeſſion of all his effects, and refuſed to anſwer any enquiries.

The mother of Ellen too was dead, and her father and brother ſo irritated againſt her, that they would ſuffer nobody to ſpeak on her behalf, nor would they even hear her name mentioned. Thus abandoned by all their relations, theſe wretched young people awaited the ſentence of the law. The dreadful hour approached. The trial opened of Edward and one of his aſſociates. Ellen,

her

her infant in her arms, pale, trembling, and gaſping for breath, was in Court—her youth, her beauty, and the agonizing ſolicitude ſo ſtrongly marked on her countenance, intereſted all the ſpectators in her favour. She heeded nothing but the words uttered in examining the witneſſes, on every one of which her fate ſeemed ſuſpended! The man concerned with him in the fraud was caſt for a capital crime. Ellen fell ſenſeleſs into the arms of the perſons next to her, and was carried in that ſtate out of Court.

Reſtored to her ſenſes, her firſt entreaty was to have her child reſtored to her (ſome humane perſon having taken him); the next, that ſhe might return into Court. Her ſolicitations were ſo vehement, that the by-ſtanders yielded to them, and ſhe entered only ten minutes before the ſentence paſſed—of tranſportation

portation for fourteen years to Botany Bay.

This deciſion was to poor Ellen a tranſition from the moſt horrible dread to a ſtate of comparative tranquillity and eaſe.

The moment ſhe could reach her ſtill-impriſoned lover, ſhe threw herſelf into his arms, bathed his hands with her tears, and gave way to every frantic expreſſion of joy. His life was ſafe—he was going whither ſhe could accompany him. Her country, in caſting him off, was no longer her country. Friends they had none, or none but who would ſee them depart with ſatisfaction. She had heard, that the unhappy people thus baniſhed had ſometimes been reſtored to a certain degree of reſpectability, and had obtained, after a time, a little property of their own; and when ſuch a proſpect was contraſted

traſted with that of ſeeing her beloved Edward periſh by the hand of the public executioner, ſhe ſeemed to be reſtored herſelf to hope, life, and even to joy.

Edward too for a while ſeemed to feel his eſcape from death as a bleſſing, but afterwards he viſibly drooped; and while Ellen was buſied in ſuch preparations as ſhe could make to render their voyage more tolerable, he beheld her with looks which ſhe imputed to his unwillingneſs to leave England, but which were occaſioned by a very different cauſe.

It happened that not more than a week elapſed between the trial and the embarkation of the convicts.

Ellen, who never doubted but that ſhe ſhould be allowed to accompany her huſband (for he was called ſo, and conſidered himſelf as ſuch), was abruptly told that ſhe would not be ſuffered to go with

with him. Half diſtracted by this intelligence, ſhe ran from one to the other of the perſons whom ſhe thought likely to inform or to aſſiſt her—they all confirmed the cruel refuſal. Some told her the thing was impoſſible, becauſe of regulations, of which ſhe would not ſtay to hear. Others inſulting told her, her beauty would eaſily procure her a better birth in England; and at laſt, a brutal fellow, who ſeemed to delight in the agonies he had the power to inflict, ſaid that he knew but one way for her to ſecure her paſſage, which was, to commit a robbery too—"Then you know," ſaid the unfeeling ſavage, "you will be packed off as a matter of courſe, and no thanks to any body."

The brain of the wretched Ellen was by this time inflamed, and her ſenſes were rapidly forſaking her. She gave her child to the care of the woman at whoſe houſe

houſe ſhe had a room, and hurried into the ſtreet. A linen-draper's ſhop was the firſt that preſented itſelf. The advice ſhe had heard was the predominant idea in her mind. She entered, looking wildly, and aſking incoherently for the articles ſhe ſaw before her; and while the ſhopman was about to reach ſome of them, ſhe caught up a roll of muſlin that lay on the counter, and ruſhed away. She was inſtantly purſued, taken, and committed to priſon.

Recogniſed for the wife or aſſociate of one of the convicts, her guilt was as little doubted as the motive ſhe aſſigned for it was believed. Her poor infant was brought to her, but it periſhed in a few days; and her huſband, her poor unhappy Edward, was dragged away before her fate was decided. The hope of following him ſuſtained her for a while, but her trial ſoon after came on. She was convicted

convicted of having ſtolen to above the value of forty ſhillings, and condemned to die.

Thoſe who ſaw her after this hard ſentence were affected even to agony. Not yet eighteen, beautiful and blameleſs, but for the exceſs of this fatal paſſion, ſhe was ſunk at once, by an act of miſtaken faith and affection, into the loweſt abyſs of human miſery. Her fine blue eyes, wild and wandering, were now caſt eagerly round her dungeon, in ſearch of thoſe objects of her love which ſhe was never to ſee again—now raiſed to Heaven, as if to deprecate a fate ſo dreadful; but ſhe neither ſpoke nor ate nor ſlept; and five days after the dreadful ſentence paſſed, ſhe eſcaped from its execution by death.

Detained for ſome weeks by contrary winds, the wretched Edward heard of what had happened only a day before he ſailed.

ſailed. As he was not one of thoſe ſtrictly confined, it was ſuppoſed he found means to go overboard in the night; for on the following day he was miſſing, and never heard of more.

How different had been the lives of theſe young people, had not avarice prevented their early union!

Reader! if thou art of ſuperior rank, give a ſigh to the evils occaſioned by civiliſed ſociety, and aſk thyſelf whether forty ſhillings ſhould be the price of human life?

If thou art poor, Reader, and liable to yield to temptations thou mayſt meet with, learn to keep a guard over thy actions—reſiſt the firſt tendency to do wrong, and remember the fate of Edward and Ellen.

AZEMIA.

CHAPTER I.

One True Briton and two Turks.

IN the boſom of the reſpectable haram of Hamet-beig her father, and in the imperial city of Conſtantinople, was born and nurtured the beauteous Azemia—educated would be an improper

word, for the advantages of education are to the Turkiſh virgin denied: but Nature had denied none of her moſt attractive gifts to Azemia; and ſuch inſtruction as an haram affords, ſhe received under the eye of the ſenſible and judicious Birkabeba, her paternal grandmother, who, though originally a Georgian ſlave, had a mind of ſingular ſtrength and lucidity. Azemia was the forty-fifth daughter of Hamet-beig, who had beſides nineteen ſons; ſo that the portion of parental tenderneſs that fell to the ſhare of each of his numerous progeny could be but ſmall. The ſolicitous vigilance however of Birkabeba ſupplied to her infant charge every other deficiency; and in the lighter accompliſhments, ſuch as are taught in the ſeraglios of the Eaſt to adorn the perſon

perſon of females, taught only to ſpeak to the voluptuous eyes of their domeſtic tyrants, ſhe was amply and early inſtructed—ſhe danced to a miracle—ſhe ſung tender airs in the voice of a little ſyren, and with admirable expreſſion. Already with her fairy fingers ſhe had embroidered two handkerchiefs of ſky-tinctured gauze in ſilver flowers; and as ſhe occaſionally ſat before her ſtill lovely *grandmother** Birkabeba, on a ſmall green ſatin cuſhion trimmed with gold fringe, engaged in ſewing ſeed pearl on a pale purple ſatin pincuſhion, there was ſo much pertinacity in the

* That a Grandmother may be not merely, but ſuperlatively lovely, is a poſition which, however it may have been diſputed in preceding ages, is beyond a doubt aſcertained in this.

queſtions ſhe aſked, ſo much intelligence in her countenance while ſhe ſpoke, that Birkabeba involuntarily enquired how it was poſſible that ſuch a creature ſhould be abſolutely without a ſoul. The word *ſoul*, or *alma*, made grievous work in the head of Birkabeba; ſhe had never heard it *defined*; ſhe had never thought about it till ſhe became a grandmother; ſhe had never read one of thoſe luminous lucubrations that have immortalized the names of their authors in Italy, Spain, Portugal, Germany, and particularly in Great Britain: in a word, ſhe knew nothing of the matter.

Her ſon, Hamet-beig, was remarkable for nothing ſo much as for a magnificent pair of muſtachios of a peculiar curl and colour: his ideas were not more numerous

numerous than his caftans, but like them they were uſeful, and he was not without living knowledge; not merely as it related to himſelf, but as it looked forward to poſterity—a concern with which the Turks, from the nature of their government, trouble themſelves very little: but Hamet-beig had that ſort of prévoyance about him, and was ſo well thought of by Peſtilenti Azem *, who was then vizir, that no man was more proſperous or likely to riſe. Had Hamet-beig been an Engliſhman, there is no doubt that he would have aſpired to, and poſſeſſed, ſome very eminent

* *Azem* means a Prime Miniſter, a Vizir:—*Peſtilenti*, however ungrateful it ſounds, is a *proper*, though not a Chriſtian name:—as we ſay, Pitt, Chancellor of the Exchequer, &c. &c.

poſt under Government, and, in due time, have retired upon a conſiderable ſinecure, or a penſion on the Iriſh Eſtabliſhment; while, in all probability, his nineteen ſons would, following the ſame career, have obtained peerages with the prettieſt of all imaginable names.

Unfortunately all this could not happen: but the care and praiſe-worthy attention of Hamet-beig was directed towards providing for his children in the beſt manner he could; and, among other arrangements, Azemia had, at a very early age, been betrothed to Oglow Muley, a rich merchant, who of courſe was alſo a Mahometan. He traded very largely to Leghorn and Marſeilles, where he ſaw among the Chriſtian traders

ders with whom he dealt, ſo much integrity, goodneſs, humanity, charity, and other virtues peculiar to the Chriſtian world, and ſuper-eminently evident among *them*, that nothing could ſo ſtrongly ſhew the force of the ridiculous prejudice in which Oglow Muley had been educated, as his not embracing the faith of the Nazarenes.

Liberality of enquiry, however, is little known among the Muſſulmen; and indeed it begins to be altogether a thing, which in other countries it is much ſafer, and not leſs ſatisfactory, to have nothing to do with: it has aſſuredly many ill effects; it leſſens the groſs amount of acquieſcent ignorance, and makes men very fooliſhly diſcontented with their various lots, which

are undoubtedly caſt for them with every poſſible regard to the fitneſs of things, and the eternal rule of right. It occaſions very impertinent remarks on the conduct and capacity of thoſe whoſe elevation ſhould lift them above the ſhort-ſighted politics of the undiſtinguiſhing multitude: it cauſes thoſe who indulge it to yield incontinently to improper ſuggeſtions, that things *might* be better; whereas there is not an eminent ſtateſman, baſking in the radiating ſunſhine of royal and imperial favour, who *knows* not, and is not ready to *prove*, that all is abſolutely and poſitively for the *beſt;* and that poverty and rags, ſtarving and nakedneſs, drowning, dying by the plague, or periſhing with wounds, together with other common incidents too numerous to mention, and

too

too insignificant to be attended to, are *no evils*, nor arise from any thing but one invariable scheme of inexplicable wisdom, which will sooner or later bring good out of evil, and make even the small and merely apparent inconveniences which the querulous enquirer murmurs at, turn eventually to the aggrandisement, prosperity, and power and glory, of this our dear country, which is, without dispute, the best of all imaginary countries in this superexcellent arrangement, and is governed by the most humane, benevolent, sapient, and magnanimous monarch, directing the wisest, most philanthropic, disinterested, and successful ministers that sovereign ever trusted. For these reasons (and they appear to me to be incontrovertible), let every loyal and

worthy Engliſhman avoid all waſte of time in ſpeculative enquiries.——To return to Oglow Muley, who, Turk as he was, never made any.

Oglow Muley, or, as he is ſometimes called, Muley Oglow, hearing from the report of Muzzled-Abib, governor of his haram, that his betrothed wife Azemia was fair as the youngeſt of the Houris; that her eyes were as the eyes of the Antelope, and her cheeks as the Roſe of Geſerat, commanded Muzzled-Abib to bring her forthwith to Marſeilles, where his buſineſs unavoidably detained him.

In obedience to this order, Muzzled ſought a ſhip of his own nation bound to that port; but it happening that none

then

then lay at the Sublime Port, Muzzled cauſed carpets and cuſhions, and other commodious accommodations, to be placed in the cabin of a French merchant ſhip, Citizen Moutard commander, laden with figs, coffee, raw ſilk, and other productions of the Levant, and took the paſſage of Azemia in it.

It would affect the ſenſibility of my readers too much, were I to relate the parting between Birkabeba and her darling Azemia, though ſhe hoped their ſeparation was to be ſhort. Hametbeig ſaw her embark with more phlegmatic philoſophy, recommending her however to the ſcrupulous fidelity of the Mooriſh guard, Muzzled. The veſſel left the beautiful bay; its *mina-*

rets and *moſques* were no longer viſible —Azemia retired in tears to her cabin; precious tears! Alas! they were the firſt ſhe ever ſhed; but of how many were they not the *avant couriers!*

The wind was fair, and the voyage, for two days, proſperous. Ah! faithleſs flattering illuſion! on the third a ſtrange ſail appeared in ſight—it was ſoon perceived to be a ſhip of great force: it approached—eſcape became impoſſible; and after receiving one broadſide, which killed four men and a boy, and wounded ſix others, Citizen Moutard ſtruck to the glorious ſuperiority of Britiſh valour, and became prize to the Amputator, of forty four guns, Captain Joſiah Wappingſhot commander, who took poſſeſſion of the veſſel

veſſel and her ſurviving crew, as well as of her cargo of figs, coffee, raw ſilk, and the fair Azemia.

The next day Captain Wappingſhot announced his ſucceſs in a very eloquent billet, addreſſed to the Lords Commiſſioners of the Admiralty—but, notwithſtanding, purſued his voyage homewards, whither he was ſteering at the time he made this fortunate capture; and he landed in due courſe of ſailing at the Point at Portſmouth.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

An Hero.

THE brave Captain Wappingſhot, to whoſe fortunate lot it had fallen to be maſter of the liberty of the fair, young, and innocent Azemia, was a man far advanced in life—old, weather-beaten, and in almoſt all reſpects might have ſat to any artiſt employed to make deſigns for Peregrine Pickle, ſo nearly did he reſemble Commodore Trunnion. His mother, a dealer in geneva at Graveſ-

end,

end, had ſent him early to ſea, where, during above ſixty years, he had ſeen a great deal of ſervice; but, as he often ſaid himſelf, he had come off pretty well conſidering, for none of his main timbers were materially damaged, though in the war which terminated ſoon after the beginning of the preſent reign he had loſt an eye, the dexter ſide of his noſe, and the ſiniſter ear. In our fortunate conteſt with America he left three fingers off Sandy Hook; but in the preſent ſtill more glorious war he had not had the honour of ſuffering at all in his perſon—though he had loſt in various ways, by drowning, diſeaſe, or otherwiſe, five out of ſeven ſons with which Heaven had bleſſed him; but they ſlept in the bed of honour, and he was content. Nevertheleſs,

ſo

ſo ſlowly does merit riſe (dear as it is to our governors), from the nature of the ſervice, that Captain Wappingſhot owed his command rather to the friendſhip of the honourable Commodore, of whoſe ſquadron he was in the laſt cruize, than to his long ſervices and heavy loſſes. This noble commander, a man of high birth, had frequently had occaſion to experience other good qualities in the veteran Wappingſhot, beſides thoſe of bravery and ſeamanſhip. Wappingſhot had not the common indifference of ſailors, as to the main chance: on the contrary, he had it always in view, and had diſcovered that the attainment of money was in no way ſo eaſy as by flattering the foibles, and contributing to the accommodation, of his ſuperiors. To the noble

Com-

Commodore he had been frequently uſeful; and therefore the very firſt occaſion was ſeized by that honourable perſon to *make him*, as the term is, by giving him the command of the Amputator.

It may ſeem to favour of ingratitude towards his benefactor, that Wappingſhot did not (knowing his predilection for youth and beauty) immediately impart to him the acquiſition made in the capture of Azemia; but the ſhip was then actually, as was before obſerved, under ſailing orders for England, and Captain Wappingſhot had reaſons of his own which prevented his making, in this inſtance, the leaſt deviation from the inſtructions he had received.

In

In paſſing the Straits, it occurred to him, that Muzzled-Abib would be a very troubleſome and uſeleſs perſonage in England; and after many debates with himſelf, whether it would not be better to ſend him quietly overboard ſome fine evening, his humanity had been at length ſo far heard, that he ordered him to be ſet on ſhore on the Barbary coaſt, where he doubted not but the old black dog would do well enough; nor did any reflections on the fate of poor Muzzled Abib ever after diſturb his tranquillity.

* * *

And now, reader! thou haſt perhaps ſeen the agile Gardel, or the immortal Veſtris; thou mayeſt, peradventure, have

have beheld the celebrated Didelot of the preſent day; or, if thou art a lover of the beauties of Grecian ſculpture, thou mayeſt have gazed with ſcientific eyes on the Apollo, or contemplated the proportions of the Farneſian Hercules. If, in a leſs elevated ſphere of life, where theſe examples of grace may never have been preſented to thee, thou haſt, peradventure, turned with taſteleſs indignation from the reed-like and ſlender figure of Lord Fritterville, eldeſt ſon of the Marquis of Maccaroon; and ſurveyed with more Britiſh approbation the nervous ſtrength and gigantic form of the Ruffian or Big Ben; be that as it may, and to whatever claſs of ſocial life thou belongeſt, equally muſt thy imagination be called upon to embody a form to which no deſcription

can

can do juſtice. It is, gentle reader! my hero whom I am about to preſent to thee—A youth ſo amiable in manners, ſo unexceptionable in morals, in perſon ſo beauteous, as fancy hardly ever formed, unleſs in the early dreams of ſome fair viſionary virgin by the ſide of a murmuring fountain on a ſopha of moſs and flowers, and overſhadowed by myrtle and mimoſa—when, after the peruſal of ſome ſoul diſſolving tale of tender ſympathy (printed at the Minerva preſs), and overcome by the languors of a ſummer's day, ſhe half indulges the ſweet illuſions of elegant imagination, and dreams unutterable things!

I will try however, for ſuch as have leſs facility at this ideal painting,

to

to tell what he was. Aid me, ye gentle generous muſes of Britain! ye, who know ſo well and have ſo often deſcribed—"Youths as they ought to be!" Some lines of the *Swan of Lichfield* preſent themſelves, which are glowingly imitatively deſcriptive, ſuch as ever flow from the energetic pen of that celebrated young lady:

O'er his fair brows, the fairer of their ſhade,
Locks of the richeſt brown luxuriant play'd.

And again of his height:

* Tall as the pine amid inferior trees,
With all the bending oſier's pliant eaſe!

Here then I muſt reſt my deſcription of the figure of this inſinuating youth. But

* This is ſurely much more claſſically elegant than the following lines from the pen of another female

But I muſt not omit his face: he had, then, full eyes of indeſcribable colour, beaming with ſweetneſs, ſparkling with intelligence, and ſurmounted by full dark eye brows. As to his noſe! if a connoiſſeur in noſes had made on purpoſe a voyage of diſcovery to the Promontory, and under the immediate directions of Don Diego himſelf, a more exquiſitely-formed noſe could not have been imported. His lips emulated the Kentiſh cherry; of courſe his teeth rivalled mother-of-pearl, and he had the moſt intereſting beard in the world. Such

female author, whoſe *imputed* ſimplicity has ſurely more credit than it deſerves: ſhe ſays of a hero, that he is——

Graceful as Dutchmen in the act of ſkaiting,
Yet upright as the wand of Lord in waiting;
Now agile bends, as Sportſman ſhooting Dottrell,
Now ſteps majeſtic—like Sir Clement Cottrell.

was

was the perſon of Charles Arnold, a midſhipman; alas! he was *only* a midſhipman on board the Amputator.

The father of this young man, a country gentleman of ſmall fortune, had left him and a younger brother in their early youth to the care of their mother, to whom he left alſo the diſpoſal of all his fortune during her life, not doubting her tenderneſs for her ſons: but in proceſs of time it appeared that this good lady, emulating the heroiſm of the Spartan mothers, or perhaps ſtimulated by the fame of the female patriots of modern Gaul, determined to dedicate both her ſons to the ſervice of her country; and as ſoon as Charles, the eldeſt, was of a proper age, ſhe had procured him a birth on board the Amputator, while the

the youngeſt was diſpatched as a cadet to gather laurels in the Eaſt Indies.

To ſay the truth, Mrs. Arnold was one of thoſe ſprightly matrons who hold it ſinful as well as fooliſh to waſte the rich ſummer of their days in pining widowhood: ſhe was a fine woman, of a portly and commanding preſence, of gay ſpirits, and high health; her eyes were of thoſe that mark high claims and expectations, and ſhe thought it vaſtly abſurd to dedicate her life to raiſing poultry and regiſtering ſmall beer in a country village; ſhe quitted it therefore as ſoon as her two ſons were fairly diſpoſed of, and reſided in a ſmall but elegant houſe in the pariſh of Mary-le-Bone.

Her

Her ſon, who had been by the kindneſs of an uncle particularly recommended to his commanding officer, had found means to attach all his meſſmates to him, as well as to be a great favourite with Captain Wappingſhot. Impatient therefore to ſee his mother, or for ſome other reaſon, he had entreated and obtained leave to go on ſhore; and it was, ſeated in the Royal Admiral long coach, with this youth on one ſide of her, and the one-eyed veteran on the other, that our heroine began her journey.

Now once more, all ye Muſes that ſip the Caſtalian ſpring, or play on the biforked hill! once more I invoke you—and you, ye Graces! whether ye wanton amid the flaxen ringlets (poſtiche or otherwiſe) of Lady Seraphina, or beam

from the eyes of the Counteſs of .... * whether ye wait on the Farren, or lurk in the arch ſmile of the Jordan—whether ye attend on Pariſot or Hilligſberg — a moment, a little moment, preſide on my pen!——But where ſhall I begin? how venture to delineate one bright feature? Let thoſe who have ever peruſed the ponderous romances of former ages, endeavour to imagine what muſt be the attractions of thoſe inimitable fair ones who could ſecure their conqueſts for years amidſt the rigors of diſdain: or, if ſuch have never been your ſtudy, imagine what muſt have been the concentrated beauties of the moſt celebrated charmer of antiquity; collect, "in thy mind's eye," all that may have

* Whatever Counteſs the reader prefers.

been

been related of Helen or Polydamna—of Dido—of Thaïs, Laïs, or the Thracian Rhodope—of Lucretia—of the loveliest of the Roman empresses: in more modern times, of Fair Rosamond, Diana de Poitiers, Agnes Sorel, or the fair Gabrielle—of the Geraldine of the Earl of Surrey, Petrarch's Laura, or Louise de Kerouaille—the Hampton-Court Beauties, and "each bright Churchill of the Galaxy:"—or, if all these are insufficient, take something from the Miss Byron, the Clarissa, the Pamela of Richardson: borrow a little from the Sophia of Fielding, and the Narcissa of Smollet; and a feature, a look, an air, from what thou canst imagine of the favourite heroines of the inferior and more modern schools: and having done so, and composed a

figure and face (as little like thy wife, if thou happeneſt to be a married man, as thy conſcience will let thee; as much like thyſelf, if thou art a woman, as thy humility will permit), thou mayeſt then, peradventure, furniſh thyſelf with ſome reſemblance of my attractive Muſſul-woman, my charming Azemia, and have an incomplete conception of the truth of that lovelineſs with which, breathing ſweetneſs from her roſy lips, and darting brightneſs from her ſparkling eyes, ſhe ſat — ſhe who was worthy of a throne — in a ſtage — a common ſtage coach, as it moved between Portſmouth and the Swan with two Necks in Lad Lane.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

A Declaration and a *feline* Favourite.

IT is impoſſible to expreſs the *millionth* part of the ſurpriſe with which our fair Azemia ſaw herſelf carried along! no words can deſcribe what paſſed *on that occaſion.* She, who had never been out of the haram till her unfortunate embarkation, what muſt ſhe have thought? She had never learned to diſcriminate her cogitations: ſhe thought in the Arabeſque, her native tongue, in which if

ſhe had ſpoken nobody would have underſtood her: and the remarks ſhe made during this journey are not preſerved; for, before her extreme aptitude of acquirement had enabled her to expreſs herſelf in Engliſh, the emotions preſent to her then had faded from the tablet where memory had engraved them: as the white thorn of March is remembered no more, while we watch the golden progreſs of the daffodil, or elevate our eyes to the ſun-flower.

But what was her aſtoniſhment when they were ſet down at the Swan with two Necks! The two gentlemen ordered a ſlight refreſhment; they drank porter and ate cold mutton with pickled onions; Azemia could not taſte any of it. As ſoon as their repaſt was finiſhed, a hackney

a hackney coach was called; and Azemia, being handed into it, was ſoon in the houſe Mrs. Periwinkle, who kept a ſlop ſhop in Ratcliffe-Highway.

It was to the care of this reſpectable gentlewoman that the Captain choſe to confide, at leaſt for the preſent, his beauteous prize. His reaſons may hereafter appear for preferring the matronage of Mrs. Periwinkle to that of his own wife.

Reſiding at this time with Mrs. Periwinkle was her unmarried daughter, Miſs Sally, a fair, fat, and facetious damſel about thirty, who was a great favourite of our brave commander's: ſhe was indeed a young woman of ſome pretenſions, conſidering her obſcure

origin; for ſhe had an aunt, houſekeeper to a man of faſhion, and with her ſhe occaſionally reſided. The elegancies of ſuch a houſe, and the *poliſhed manners* of even the ſecond table, very naturally inſpired Miſs Sally with ineffable contempt for all thoſe who reſided in the vicinity of her mother's abode.

Her friendſhip however for Captain Wappingſhot was conſiderably increaſed now that he was commander of a man of war: with her and her mother the gallant veteran began to conſult on the diſpoſition of poor Azemia, while the maid of the houſe conducted her to the room that had been prepared for her. The unhappy Charles ſaw her diſappear with inexpreſſible anguiſh. Till now he had fed his infant paſſion

by

by gazing on her; and of the language of his eyes — the eloquent and only language in which he could convey his ſentiments—he had not been ſparing. He had told her—all that exquiſite ſenſibility could dictate! Every glance was a proteſtation—every ogle a note of admiration! And when at length, three days afterwards, in the back ſhop of Mrs. Periwinkle he was compelled to bid her a long adieu; when the fatal conviction that he muſt leave her preſſed upon his heart; his too feeling mind, agitated by this cruel certainty, almoſt ſunk under it. Yet while the Captain and the ladies were converſing in the other ſhop, he wholly withdrew his attention from them, and fixing his melancholy eyes on Azemia, who leaned penſively on the window-ſeat, the idea

of the firſt poetry he had ever written darted into his mind, and afterwards took the form of the following ſea ſong, which he determined to preſent to her the firſt opportunity :——

When on a clear and cloudleſs night
The moon ſhall pour her level light,
And tremble on the ſilver ſea;
I then ſhall watch her cheering rays,
And ſighing aſk, if thou doſt gaze
On her bright orb—and think of me?

When raving fierce through every ſhroud
The wild careering wind is loud,
And I on the mid watch ſhall be;
My heart will aſk, as tempeſts riſe,
If thou doſt hear?—and gentle ſighs
Heave thy ſoft heart, while pitying me?

If

If deſtin'd in the bloody fight
To cloſe theſe eyes in endleſs night,
That now ſo fondly gaze on thee;
Even then, as life ſhall ebb away,
My lateſt lingering breath ſhall ſay,
My only love!—remember me!——

But the cruel moment came when he muſt go: he *wriggled** (for extreme reluctance would not ſuffer him to walk) out of the houſe; and juſt as he entered the ſtreet, a hackney coach full of ſmuggled goods, with a landlady from Wapping well known to our hero, happened to paſs. Charles vaulted into it

* If any faſtidious critic ſhould object to the uſe of this word, I beg leave to refer him to the moſt reſpectable authority—the very words of a woman of faſhion in her moſt elaborate performance. I am indebted to the ſame elegant ſource for what follows to the end of the chapter.

with the alacrity of a ſkipper; while the coach, as if the horſes were inſpired by his deſire of volition, darted down the ſtreet like ſons of Eclipſe or Potooooooooo.

Converſation ſuch as Charles Arnold now enjoyed with his old acquaintance Mrs. Ginger, on this memorable evening, may be called the drawing out and diſciplining the whole ſtrength of his internal force: the more he ſpoke to Mrs. Ginger on the ſubject of his love, the more were his ideas inſpired, and his paſſion ſupported by freſh reinforcements. In the language of confidence there are many ſalutary hints, which, like the colliſion of hard bodies, make the ſoul take fire and the imagination corruſcate!

Now

Now am I well aware, that many of my female readers will *abuſe* me, and cry out,—"Bleſs us, Oh! Lord! Lord! here is our friend Miſs Jacquetta A. M. Jenks writing about ſailors and bum-boat women!—*people* of whom *people* that have lived among *us*, as ſhe *has* done, can know nothing in the world!"

Fair and friendly critics! — ye who have with the ſweeteſt patience read ſuch an immenſity of nonſenſe, do not, oh! do not tire, juſt when *I* entreat your attention to mine. Let us never, my kind-hearted female Mentorias! let us never forget that friendſhip is an *ecſtatic compoſition of intellectual harmony*, grand in its tones as a trumpet — great in its effects as a chorus! It *relieves*,

ſoothes,

ſoothes, *abates*, *doubles*, *divides*, *ſuſpends*, and *accelerates*; and by ſpeaking of our misfortunes to a true friend we leave part of our griefs behind us!

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

It comes in ſuch a queſtionable ſhape!

SHAKESPEARE.

Nay—never ſhake thy hairleſs head at *me!*

SHAKESPEARE.

THE weather was extremely warm; and Azemia, who had been in habits of enjoying the cool air of the fountained quadrangles of the haram, overſhadowed with the palm and the cedar, and *deciduous cypreſs*, alſo larches and poplars, now languiſhed for a little freſh air, and determined to attempt finding her way to the garden, as a ſcēne *intereſting to her imagination.* Having *wound down* the

the only ſtaircaſe (which was rather narrow), and entered a paſſage rather old (of which the white-waſh had fallen from the walls), ſhe found herſelf in a narrow paſſage, terminated by two large bucking-tubs, and a broken queen's-ware baſon of uncommon dimenſions. The garden, or rather court, then appeared: ſhe deſcended three ſteps, and entered a walk, formed of native earth, but bordered with oſſifications of ſheep, and ſhells of cockle and oyſter, which gave this eaſtern part of the incloſure *rather a marine appearance*; while the more elevated borders encloſed an old oil-jar, in which had once grown a root of Angelica, but it was now no longer verdant. To the weſt, however, were ſcattered ſeveral ſmall tufts of turnips, intermingled with mint and marjoram: nor

nor was ornament wholly neglected; for in a more remote quarter grew a flouriſhing plant of the Canterbury bell. —The view beyond the garden was crowned with the awful ſummits of the neighbouring cheminées *, and beyond, through a wicket in the wall, *the eye caught* a part of the wild ſhores of the Thames, with wharfs and ozier grounds, the whole terminating in a remote proſpect of the gloomy remains of two freſh-water pirates ſuſpended ſome years before at Cuckhold's Point.

The contraſt between this view and thoſe ſhe had been accuſtomed to,

* *Cheminées.* Some little variation of ſpelling may be allowed where dignity is to be given to a ſubject—Cheminées is certainly better than chimneys, as being more like Pyrenées.

ſtruck

ſtruck forcibly on the ſuſceptible mind of Azemia; ſhe felt it beat upon her heart, and a heavy ſigh eſcaped her.

Then, traverſing ſlowly the quadrangle, ſhe gathered a ſmall ſprig of the Canterbury bell, and returned ſilent and ſad to her own apartment; and when ſhe arrived there, the big drops that had long quivered in her eye fell into one of the cups of the flower.

This circumſtance diſturbed a ſolitary ear-wig that lay concealed there — it languidly crawled forth! The mind of Azemia, uncultivated as it was, was tremblingly ſenſible of the ſofteſt pity for all animated nature. As ſhe gazed on this lone inſect, ſhe thought it looked unfortunate: —" Perhaps," ſaid ſhe, " this

" this poor *Forficula-Auricularis* is like me, a ſolitary and deſerted being—far from its beloved relatives — baniſhed perhaps for ever from its dear native flower—a wanderer in the world, and liable to be cruſhed by every careleſs or inhuman paſſenger!!!

The idea affected her; and yielding to the penſive influence, ſhe followed this train of reflection, till it inſenſibly aſſumed a poetical form, in the following lines:

THE FORFICULA AURICULARIS, OR EAR-WIGGE, TO HER LOVE.

In what ſmall leaf of verdant fold
Art thou, my wandering love, enroll'd?
Where lurk'ſt thou, in what lily's bell,
My wanton rover, prithee, tell?

Ah!

Ah! what attracts thy vagrant fancy?
The crimſon clove, or velvet panſy?
Where keep'ſt thou, love, thy flowery ſtate?
In three-lobed leaves, or leaves ſerrate?

Doſt thou now pierce, with forceps keen,
Some raſpberry's hirſute globes between?
Haſt thou a bower luxurious got
In golden pulp of apricot?

Or doſt thou find a lodging ſpacious
In pea's ſweet bloom papilionaceous;
And, ſnug as prieſt in ample rectory,
Neſtle in honey-flowing nectary?

Say where thy agile form is curling,
In flower that nods o'er ſtreamlet purling;
Where, as in odorous barrack hollow,
Thou fill'ſt a tuberous corolla!

Hid'ſt thou in bloſſom of geranium,
Like pictur'd nymph in Herculaneum?
Tak'ſt thou, perchance, thy quarters humble
Beneath the white bean's ſpotted umbel?

Soft

Soft doſt thou dream in thick ſweet-william,
Or perch on lupine's bright vexillum?
Where'er thou art, oh! quickly ſcud
O'er powder'd bloom, or ſpicy bud!

Thou com'ſt!—Thy coat of poliſh'd mail,
Thy biform antlers, creſcent tail,
Thy diamond eye ſo ſmall and ſhiny,
Thy many twinkling feet, ſo tiny—

I ſee!—and, Wigling, hail the ſight:
My ſoft horns tremble with delight:
Ah! let us now, my love, reſort
Where rich Vertumnus keeps his court!

There, in the hautboy deeply bury,
Or make our bride-bed in the cherry;
O'er pearly grapes luxurious twine,
And raiſe young ear-wigs in the nectarine *.

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* Let not my readers object to the probability of Azemia's writing Engliſh verſes; or, if they ſhould, let them recollect, that ſome of our celebrated heroines, though born in another country, and two or three centuries ago, write moſt pathetic and poliſhed poetry in very pretty modern Engliſh.

Scarce

Scarce had ſhe finiſhed this ſimple effuſion, and committed it to paper, ere *footſteps were heard* on the ſtairs: they were as of one who attempted *lightly* and *ſoftly* to aſcend.—Azemia liſtened; the door opened—and ſhe beheld—Charles Arnold! "I come," ſaid he, as he threw himſelf on his knees before her, "I come to put my life into your hands—I love you; to diſtraction I love you!—Tell me, Oh! beauteous Azemia, can you, will you, pity me?"

Azemia, ignorant of the meaning of his words, yet perfectly aware of the ſignification of his moving attitudes, felt extremely diſpoſed to return his tenderneſs; nor did ſhe know any poſſible reaſon why ſhe ſhould not. She made ſigns, therefore, that he ſhould riſe, and

ſeat

ſeat himſelf by her: ſhe gave him her hand, which he devoured with kiſſes; but, determining to command himſelf, he endeavoured to explain to her, that he was forbidden by the people ſhe was with from ſeeing her, and that it was by ſtratagem only he gained one ſhort moment to throw himſelf at her feet.

But, alas! the innocent Azemia was totally unable to deviſe any means by which they might in future elude the vigilance of her mercenary guardians.

"What will become of me?" ſaid he. "The ſhip to which I belong is in the Downs—we are under orders for the North Sea—I muſt tear myſelf away! Captain Wappingſhot ſuſpects my attachment;

tachment; I ſhall never, no never be permitted to ſee you more!"

While he thus ſpoke, a cat, which had of late become a great favourite of Azemia's, came purring towards her: it had been a kitten nurſed by Charles Arnold on board the Amputator:—the ſight of it affected him even to tears.

"This little puſſy," ſaid he, after an affecting pauſe, and ſtroking the cat with his left hand, "this happy animal *I* firſt conducted to you! I ſaw you as you fondled it—I ſaw you ſurrounded by attractions too powerful for my heart: that moment is now preſent to my memory, and the creature comes even now, to witneſs the ſad one of my departure!"

Grief

Grief interrupted his utterance!——— When he recovered his voice, he ſaid—"Oh, Azemia! Azemia! when hereafter you careſs, you ſtroke your furry favourite—when of an evening its emerald eyes glow with amber ſatisfaction;—remember, ah! remember your unhappy Arnold, who will then, alas! be far from you.—Do not deny me the poor ſatisfaction of believing, that the purrings of this happy individual of the feline ſpecies, as it rubs round and round you, bring to your recollection the mournful remembrance of my unhappy love!"

Azemia comprehended only half of what the intereſting youth uttered—but it was enough; ſhe ſmiled on him with ineffable ſweetneſs: he could bear no

more, but, forcing himſelf away, ran down ſtairs, mounted a horſe he had hired, and hardly knowing, and not at all caring, whither he went, *galloped** as faſt as poſſible to Deal.

By this time evening came on; and when the vague ſenſations that had fluttered in the innocent breaſt of Azemia had a little ſubſided, ſhe went in a penſive way into a neighbouring lumber-room: it was old, ſpacious, and dark. Azemia imagined that her cat, now dearer to her than ever, had kittened there; and in the preſent moment it offered ſomething like a ſolace to her mind, to reflect on the tender offices ſhe might engage in, in nurſing the

* All the perſonages in ſome novels gallop.

infant

infant progeny. She advanced therefore into the lumber-room; and ſlowly, and with difficulty, making her way among old ſea cheſts, hammocks, and tables, coils of rope, remnants of carpets, and damaged pictures (for the immediate anceſtor of Mrs. Periwinkle had been a broker), ſhe at length reached the weſt ſide of this gloomy apartment.

There was a dreary ſolemnity about it; it was ſilent and ſolitary—the ſetting ſun had almoſt ſunk beneath the horizon, and his oblique rays, obſcured by the neighbouring warehouſe of an eminent dry-ſalter, were almoſt entirely obfuſcated by the ſuccedaneums placed in the dilapidated caſements, which conſiſted of a piece of a mariner's

check habiliment, and a wad of faded plaid that had compoſed the phillibeg of a Highlander in the year 1745. Azemia, who had never during her early youth been in ſo *queer* a place, looked round her ſomewhat diſmayed, and for a moment her fears ſuſpended her benevolent purpoſe. At length, recollecting the helpleſs family of her cat, ſhe ſighed, and began to ſearch for them: ſhe liſtened, but nothing was heard, ſave only the wind, that whiſpered in the waving of a harrateen bed, ſuſpended to a dyer's pole on the adjoining roof. It was terrific!—Azemia ſhuddered—and as no gentle purring, no ſoft ſalutation of feline ſolicitation ſaluted her ear, and the wind howled with redoubled violence, moving the Scotch plaid to and fro,

fro, ſhe found her reſolution unequal to a further progreſs in this forlorn building; and was retreating, when a cloſet door creaking on its hinges ſlowly opened, and at the ſame moment ſome looſe boards, on which ſhe ſtood, *cracked*: Azemia ſtarted — ſhe looked up, and beheld the figure of an old man, bald and ſqualid, ſitting in a long dark robe reaching to his feet; his beard was as white as ſnow—his throat bare and wrinkled—and his withered hands, with long nails, appeared beneath the cuffs of his garment. Azemia looked at him with terror and aſtoniſhment: he nodded to her; yet there was ſomething of an air about him that intereſted her, and a paralytic tremor agitated hishead—but he did not ſpeak. Azemia had ne-

ver heard of a ghoſt* (in Turkey they are but little in uſe); but terror, of ſhe knew not what, poſſeſſed her; ſtill ſhe could not move from the ſpot. The figure nodded; again and Azemia, in extreme apprehenſion, haſtened back to her apartment, and ſhut the lumber-room door, by placing a joint ſtool againſt it. For the preſent, the exceſſive agitation of her ſpirits baniſhed the idea both of her fond lover and her favourite animal.

* Leſt another opportunity ſhould not offer to explain in the ſequel of my widely-wandering hiſtory, this ghaſtly and terrific appearance, I let my readers underſtand, that it was *not a real ghoſt*, or even a *wax-work figure*, but a large Chineſe Mandarin, damaged in its voyage to Europe, and which had nodded ever ſince in the muſeum of Mrs. Periwinkle.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

In which the Hiſtory is for a while ſtationary.

I SHALL now put in a few words whilſt my hiſtory pauſes, touching *my* opinion of the nature of that ſpecies of literature called Novels: and here, novice as I am, let me venture (as I cannot do wrong while I follow the example of a reſpectable veteran, grown gray in amuſing and edifying the world) to anticipate with my readers the favour which I expect hereafter to deſerve

from them, by the number and variety of elegant productions with which I purpose to oblige my country. Presuming then on this, and making a sort of post obit on their indulgence, let me, whilst I apologize for those imperfections to which every human work is liable, give them my *notion* of what a novel ought to be.

"If puerilities are pleasing," quoth one of the venerable fathers of our craft, "men (and of course women) will write 'ut pueris placeant." Whether it is on this ground that he has himself told us a long and strange history, in which his heroes preach, and his heroines *love*, one and all (with even more voluntary and genial kindness than the ladies of the South-Sea Islands);

or

or whether he does not think ſuch matters trifling licences, I am not well read enough in his works to underſtand: but in many points I entirely agree with him, and ſhall be charmed if this public avowal of my being his humble diſciple, ſhould engage him to wave in *my* favour his violent antipathy to female underſtanding; and ſince, perhaps, neceſſity as well as choice may have ſomething to do in my taking up this "idle trade," to ſhew *me* ſome mercy, among thoſe whoſe caſes he is "*well aware ought to be exceptions*," when he draweth his tranchant quill againſt noveliſts.—Reſpectable Sir! ſince in your laſt great work *in the novel way*, you have condeſcended to ſuppoſe yourſelf ſpeaking to a young author *ſitting down for the firſt time to his maiden work*, let a *virgin*

muſe avail herſelf of your precepts. I ſtop, however, and tremble as I continue to peruſe the reſt of the page from whence I have extracted the above line; for you ſay, the firſt thing neceſſary, is, for a man *to underſtand himſelf*. Alas! Sir, how may a feeble and a *young woman* hope to achieve this, when one is every day convinced that *men*, and even *old men*, miſtake themſelves entirely?

But however this ſtumbling-block may lie in my way, I recover a little courage, while I promiſe to adhere as nearly as I can to the rules you have ſo generouſly given us. As my heroine is a Turkiſh girl, ſhe has never been *ſpoiled by* a modern education, and perhaps, inſtead *of libelling nature, as educated*

cated women do with the pen or the pencil, may be as tenderly ſuſceptible as *Suſan May*, or as *fiercely loving as Fanny Clay-pole*. Here then I hope I ſhall meet your approbation; and I further aſſure you, that in my repreſentations I will not caricature or libel human nature. By no means—every body I repreſent ſhall be people who have, as you recommend, ſome dark ſpecks on their bright ſide; and ſome bright ſpecks on their black ſide, which I hope will give them that *middle tint*, which, (without a piebald appearance), is the very ſoul of keeping in a picture. I will not bring their black ſides too near the eye; they ſhall be ſoftened down, till the whole is moſt harmoniouſly blended and ſtibbled together; truſting that the bold relief and infinite variety of my characters and

ſtyle, will prevent obſcurity and confuſion. I will not ſay a word more *touching* negroes or negro ſlavery; and I am almoſt tempted to eraſe what I have written about Muzzled-Abib; for on reading, for the fifteenth time, your admirable work above mentioned, I obſerve, that you give it as your opinion, that the horrors that have happened, or have been ſaid to happen, in the Weſt-India *blood-beſprinkled iſlands*, have been ſolely owing to the *breath of others!* i. e. of poets and noveliſts. I ſuppoſe, worthy Sir! you have ſome very good reaſon for ſaying ſo. For my part, I ſhould not, had I heard it from leſs authority, have imagined that *any breath*, however *tuneful*, could have reached ſo far; ſtill leſs the ſoft *condolences of ladies* ſung to the lutes and lyres of modern conſtruction.

And

And I ſtill cannot comprehend how theſe effuſions of falſe pity and affected compaſſion have found their way into the circulating libraries of negro towns, or rather the aſſemblage of huts, where they are allowed to remain ſo few hours out of four-and-twenty. However, warned by *this terrible example*, I will not hazard a word that may perchance inflame with inordinate and unreaſonable thirſt of freedom theſe naſty black fellows and impudent wenches. No, Sir: be aſſured that I will carefully avoid calling forth *your bluſhes* on the occaſion; and pardon ſo abrupt a tranſition, as from the loweſt being in the rank and file of human creatures (the link that immediately connects us with the ouran outang), to that higheſt and brighteſt ring of the chain, which has only

royalty

royalty between it and heaven! — I mean the Nobles of this, and every other land where there are any of that ſublime deſcription remaining. I ſay, Sir, that I will *religiouſly abſtain*, "or at leaſt as far as I can," not from coots, didappers, and water hens, (my ſentence ran ſo like one of Sterne's, that I was unawares going on with it), but from touching, in the way of reflection, on, firſt, any of the Blood Royal, male or female, for whom I have the moſt decided and profound veneration and reſpect; next, on any Duke, Ducheſs, or their firſt, ſecond, third, fourth, fifth, ſixth, or ſeventh ſons and ſo on to all and every ſon they may happen to have— or any of their graces' daughters, whether married or ſingle; nor will I reflect upon any Marquis or Marchioneſs,

their

their ſons and daughters, uncles, aunts, nieces, nephews, and couſins; nor on any Earl or Counteſs, their progeny, or relatives; or any Viſcount or Viſcounteſs, Baron or Baroneſs, Engliſh or Iriſh; nor will I ſay any thing reflecting on the good name of any Baronet, whether ancient or modern, or the dames their ſpouſes, (for I really think this equeſtrian order have been worked too hard by all noveliſts); nor will I hint at the leaſt diſreſpectful thing of the Knights of the Bath, Knights Bannerets, or even Knights of the City; for I really do opine with you, that the little reverence ſhewn to titled people is as much a cauſe of the vile levelling principle that is got among us, as the poet's lamentations over the ſufferings

of

of negroes have cauſed the ſlaves to revolt in the iſlands. But, my very good Sir! deign to conſider what a very great diminution all this muſt make of the ſtock an unfortunate noveliſt has to work with; and if you thus ſhut me out from theſe realities, may I not be allowed a few extraordinaries — a little rambling in the woods, my dear Sir!—a caſtle or two, or an abbey — a few ghoſts, provided I make out afterwards that they were not ghoſts, but wax-work and paſteboard; and a little ſprinkling of banditti, juſt to excite a ſmall emotion of terror!—and then I may be able to fill up my little book without a word of politics, revolutions or counter-revolutions, and prattle through my volumes as prettily,

and

and beat up my literary *pap* with as innoxious ingredients as the moſt ſtraight-laced matrons, or rigid elders, can recommend for their babes and ſucklings.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

An alteration—and ſcenes in ſuperior life.

THE reader may remember that Miſs Sally, the daughter of Mrs. Periwinkle, was not only the friend and confidante of Captain Wappingſhot, but alſo in the eſteem of other perſonages of yet more conſiderable conſequence: among theſe the noble Duke, with whom her aunt lived as houſekeeper, was the moſt illuſtrious. Eminent for his attachment to all that were young and

and handſome, and for his boundleſs generoſity to indigent beauty, Miſs Sally, probably in the pure benevolence of her nature, imagined that ſhe could not do a more friendly action towards the young ſtranger than to introduce her to this great man. In this view, three or four days after the final departure of her captor, Azemia, dreſſed in her Turkiſh habit, and made to avail herſelf of all her charms, was conveyed in one of the Duke's private coaches to his houſe in a part of the town very remote from Ratcliffe Highway.

It happened by a very ſtrange contretems, that his Grace, who was on this day to have been in town by appointment, was overtaken in the morning with ſo ſevere a fit of the gout, that he

was

was confined to his bed at a villa twelve miles from it. Nothing could be ſo unfortunate!—What could be done?—Sundry domeſtics were diſpatched for his phyſicians, and another confidential ſervant ordered to direct the houſe-keeper, and her amiable and conſcientious niece, to retain the young Turk at the town houſe, and ſuffer no one to ſee her. With theſe orders the good ladies of courſe were ready to comply; while the innocent Azemia, totally unconſcious of the fate to which ſhe was deſtined, was extremely glad to find herſelf in a place ſo much more comfortable than her former abode, which, as well as her journey, had given her no very delightful idea of England.

The

The ſpacious manſion of the noble Duke was uninhabited in his abſence, except by his ſervants, for he had at preſent no *arrangement* within its walls. Azemia, therefore, was placed in a very handſome apartment, where ſhe ſeemed ſo well contented, that her governeſſes imagined there was no occaſion to prohibit her leaving it, while they ſet forth on ſome ſcheme of their own which was likely to detain them the whole morning.

But among the many fair ones to whom this veteran in gallant achievements had occaſionally paid his court, was a woman of faſhion, *un peu ſur le retour* indeed, but ſtill, as ſhe herſelf was willing to believe, eminently graceful and accompliſhed. That ſhe was ſtill

ſingle

ſingle was certainly a moſt extraordinary circumſtance; but ſhe aſſured the world, as plainly as ſhe could without directly ſaying ſo, that it was owing to her long but moſt purely Platonic affection for the noble Duke: and on his part, whether his regard was Platonic or no, he certainly encouraged ſuch a degree of intimacy, that the lady was viſited, and viſited him, at all times, with the ſoothing, and doubtleſs the innocent, familiarity of a ſiſter.

This lady, whom we will call Lady Belinda, knew that the Duke was expected in town, and, as he had been abſent near three weeks, flew on the feathered feet of friendſhip to ſee him.

With

With conſternation ſhe heard that he was ſeized with the gout and confined to his bed. Summoning the only footman that was to be found, ſhe enquired when any meſſenger was to be ſent; and hearing that a ſervant was to go off in two hours with a ſupply of various elegances and medicinal accommodations, which his Grace would never be in the hazard of miſſing, ſhe bade the man open the coach door, ſaying, ſhe would get out and write a few words to be ſent by this conveyance. The footman obeyed — conducted her into a boudior at the end of the houſe, where there were materials for writing, and left her.

Lady Belinda then, ſighing deeply, took up her pen, and began to expreſs,

in

in terms the moſt energetic, her tender grief for the illneſs of her dear friend; hinting in very delicate, yet forcible terms, how delightful a taſk it would be to her, would the paltry prudery of peeviſh preciſeneſs allow her to attend him as a friend and ſiſter, to ſoften his pain, and mitigate the wearineſs of confinement, by the gentle offices of diſintereſted attachment!

Then, to prove (as if any doubts could have remained!) her powers of amuſement, even at a diſtance, ſhe entered on a detail of what had paſſed the preceding day in a large and illuſtrious circle where ſhe had been, which ſhe did in theſe words, among much other entertaining matter.

PART OF LADY BELINDA'S LETTER.

"The Duke was quite in ſpirits, ſo was the Ducheſs: dear Lady Anne was immenſely entertaining, and Lady Rebecca delightfully gay! I never remember ſeeing the Biſhop ſo *ſprightly* as while he converſed with Sir Pertinax and young Jenkingbury, whoſe converſation, you know, his lordſhip declares is in a *ſuperior ſtyle*. A number of admirable things paſſed, and ſeveral excellent bons mots on Mr. Jackall's ſpectacles: Lord Robert and the Marchioneſs had, I thought, leſs of hilarity than uſual. The faculties of our poor Viſcount were ſomehow ſtrangely in *a ſtate of ſuſpenſion*, and even Lady Anne's charade produced no ſenſible emo-

tion. Alicia Kindleſide, however, (ſhe and her ſiſter came with Lady Rebecca) was wonderfully amuſing; ſhe is really clever—though not at all handſome in opinion. Her natural vivacity was heightened by the arrival of the Baron Van Gormagon, who had juſt left the Stadtholder, and was going to Ranelagh. The attention of the company was inſenſibly attracted by a narrative that Alicia was giving the Baron of her preſentation at Court—it was truly characteriſtic: 'My heart,' ſaid ſhe, 'my heart did not lie ſtill, or my ſight return to any lucidity of perception, till I had gone through the whole ceremony; but the obliging and gracious enquiries their Majeſties had the infinite goodneſs to make after the tooth-ache I had, you know, that day, entirely removed

moved all my diffidence, and gave me a freedom of breathing which I had not felt before, ever ſince the time that the maccaroni at the Marquis's diſagreed with me."

Hardly had Lady Belinda finiſhed the ſentence, and was conſidering in a reflecting poſture, her cheek leaning on her hand, what next to ſay, when hearing a ſlight noiſe ſhe lifted up her eyes, and looking through the door of the anti-room, which had been left open on account of the heat, beheld a figure moving ſlowly at the other end of it, which ſtruck her with amazement!—The dreſs in which it appeared did not greatly differ from that of our fair countrywomen; but Lady Belinda thought it rather ſome angelic emanation of heaven

than a mere mortal compoſition, ſo much did the beauty ſhe beheld exceed all ſhe had imagined, and certainly all that ſhe had ſeen. The fair phantom approached without regarding her — Lady Belinda aroſe—and then Azemia perceiving her, was retiring, when, determining to know who this extraordinary perſon was, ſhe ſpoke to her.

Her extreme youth, and evident ignorance of the Engliſh or any of the other languages in which Lady Belinda addreſſed her, now gave riſe to the moſt uneaſy conjectures in the mind of the latter. She gueſſed the truth, and, in the faſcinating object before her ſaw the deſtruction of all thoſe hopes ſhe had long been cheriſhing, of ſeeing a ducal coronet illumine her ſummer brow.

brow. To dread, and to determine on removing the cauſe of her dread, was with her but the buſineſs of a moment: how ſhe contrived it is not material: ſuffice it to ſay, that by the aſſiſtance of the footman, the only perſon that had ſeen Lady Belinda enter, Azemia and her pacquet of clothes were removed from the dangerous ſituation where the cupidity of thoſe into whoſe power ſhe had fallen had placed her, and was conveyed to a very retired houſe, eleven miles from London, on the contrary way to the Duke's villa, where, as it was inhabited only by the old Counteſs of Killicranky, Lady Belinda's ſuperannuated mother, and ſeveral truſty ſervants, who were directed how to behave to her, Azemia found herſelf per-

fectly at eaſe, and extremely glad to be removed out of the blackneſs and ſmoke of London, at liberty to breathe the freſh air in a large walled garden, and delivered, ſhe hoped for ever, from the preſence of Miſs Sally, from whom, though ſhe knew nothing of her deſigns, ſhe had taken a mortal averſion. With the ſimplicity of an uneducated child, ſhe amuſed herſelf with the flowers ſhe ſaw around her, and with the birds in a ſmall net-work aviary adjoining to a conſervatory; and ſometimes ſhe thought of Charles Arnold with a ſort of tender regret: he was indeed the only perſon among all thoſe ſhe had ſeen in England whom ſhe ever deſired to ſee again.

In

In the mean time, the houſekeeper and her niece, Miſs Sally, were furious: the former anticipated with diſmay the loſs of her place; the latter, the loſs of that poſt which has often been poſſeſſed by very great men, as a preliminary to thoſe of more honour. It had been long the employment of Miſs Sally to find out indigent beauty in very early youth in obſcure parts of the town, and among the poor, whoſe neceſſities compelled them to wave any nicety as to the deſtination of their daughters. Never had ſhe met with ſo fair a creature as Azemia — never did ſhe ſo anxiouſly anticipate the profits of her diſcovery; and when they were thus unexpectedly ſnatched from her ſhe became outrageous; while Lady

Belinda, having perſuaded herſelf that in what ſhe had done ſhe had acted upon the moſt virtuous principles, conſidered her own work with the utmoſt complacency.

CHAP. VII.

Schemes and the man I ſing who tills the ſoil,
And ſerves his country with—his tongue of oil.

LADY Belinda, however ſolicitous to preſerve the lovely Turk from the evil machinations of the Duke, was by no means rich enough to undertake the ſole care of providing for her, and ſoon began to conſider that ſhe had brought herſelf into a very untoward predicament; ſhe was however fertile in reſources, and imagined that a friend of hers, whom in various exigencies ſhe

had found ſtill more ſo, might be conſulted with advantage on this occaſion.

This gentleman, whoſe name was Wildcodger, was one of thoſe perſonages who live at good tables—go about to great houſes in the country—are liſtened to by the gentlemen in their conſultations on improvements, and make rebuffes and write verſes for the ladies—help them to quiz the chaplain, and bear with admirable patience, and even pleaſantry, to be quizzed themſelves. He had the reputation of underſtanding every thing, and would either value an eſtate or prefcribe for a lap-dog. Sometimes he was an author—yet oftener a critic—wrote in the newſpapers—had a mortal averſion

averſion to the impertinence of all reformers—was an optimiſt from principle, and could argue for a whole day to prove that nothing could be otherwiſe, of courſe nothing more eligible than it is: his chief forte, however, lay in ſchemes to make that better which he already aſſerted was beſt. He now and then got into a paradox, but preſently eſcaped from it by dint of his former profound ſtudies in the ſchool of Martinus Scriblerus.

Thus, when he had found a ſuccedaneum for bread in a time of national diſtreſs approaching to famine, owing to the beſt-conducted and moſt neceſſary of all poſſible wars, and, boaſting of his admirable diſcovery, was deſired to explain how, in a world ſo wiſely

conſtructed as ours, and under the very beſt government that the wit and wiſdom of man could, in that excellent ſtructure, deviſe, it happened that nine-tenths of the people had nothing *but* bread, and now by no means *enough* of that; he would, with impreſſive ſolemnity, begin, ſtanding with his back to the fire, and waving one hand with great dignity, to ſay,—

" Sir, in all matters of this ſort there are ſeveral things to be conſidered. The queſtion, Sir, is not, whether the people ſhould have bread enough—No, Sir: the queſtion is, whether they cannot, and to their own advantage, be taught to do with leſs: I am perſuaded it might be brought about, and that the people of England, naturally a groſs and

and heavy race, would be more alert—more animated—make better artiſans, labourers, and particularly ſoldiers.

"When I conſider that neceſſity is the mother of invention, and reflect on the numberleſs inventions which have of late done honour to this age and nation, how can I regret the neceſſity that may incite to new diſcoveries? No, Sir: when I ſay, whatever is is right, I maintain my poſition, by adducing, that the urgency is a good one which is productive of exertion in human intellects, which might otherwiſe lie inert and torpid. If we want bread, well—be it ſo; we find with a little reflection a ſuccedaneum, and when the ſcarcity ceaſes, what is the reſult? Why, an admirable one—inſtead of one ſtaff

of

of life we have two: from thence I draw my concluſion, that a ſcarcity is a good thing ultimately, and that a nation is better after it than if it had never happened. You may *depend* upon it, my dear Sir, you may *depend* upon it, that every thing in this well-regulated country of ours, is ſo conſtructed upon unalienable and fundamental principles, that, good Sir, good and happineſs always come out of evil, whatever blindneſs and ignorance may ſay to the contrary. Beſides the real advantages, of which I have given you an example, grant me leave to lay ſome ſtreſs on the higher intellectual gratifications, ſuch as are alone worthy the conſideration of reaſonable beings. When we are of neceſſity denied what we are unwilling to deny ourſelves, the

full

full fruition of ſenſual indulgences, with what happy pliability the mind goes forth in ſearch of viſionary felicity, creating as it were new worlds of its own!

"It may be alleged, perhaps, that this mental bliſs can be attained only by thoſe who from cultivation have acquired this facility of indulging in intellectual and ideal pleaſures: but that I deny; by applying to their groſſer ſenſes, the *Gentium Colluvio*, the very *Civitatis Sordes*, might be taught to find ſatisfaction in imaginary enjoyments.

"A very ſenſible and intelligent author has proved beyond a doubt, that much may be effected by a proper application

to

to the optic nerves of the vulgar orders. Thus he aſſerts, that by looking at a well-painted repreſentation of fire, a man, or any number of men, may be made to believe themſelves warm; and ſo on of eatables and drinkables. This fact being aſcertained (as to me it appears incontrovertibly to be), I have, in my late memoir addreſſed to the Agricultural Society, propoſed a plan to that honourable and reſpectable body, which they moſt judiciouſly intend adopting: it is what I am going to relate.

" I have propoſed, then, that a ſubſcription ſhall be raiſed for the purchaſe of ſeveral excellent paintings on large canvaſs (the moſt philanthropic members of the Royal Academy will undoubtedly

undoubtedly contribute their aſſiſtance gratis): theſe, by means of the Polygraphic art, may be multiplied in proportion to the demand. They are to repreſent good coal fires, with various articles of food roaſting, ſtewing, and boiling; theſe ſhall be ſent to the Lord Lieutenants of the different counties, to be diſſeminated at his diſcretion among the pariſhes, according to the neceſſities of the people, and as the Deputy Lieutenants and Juſtices of the Peace under him ſhall direct. For very extenſive and widely-ſcattered pariſhes, repreſentations will be furniſhed of a Lord Mayor's feaſt, or, what is yet more ſatisfactory, a Treaſury dinner; then, proper glaſſes or ſpeculums being provided, the men, women, and children will be ſummoned immediately after divine

divine ſervice every Sabbath—and no doubts are entertained but that this meaſure will amply ſuffice for their comfortable ſuſtenance and ſupport for the ſeven enſuing days. To make the benefit of this happy illuſion more extenſive, it is propoſed, in order to accommodate the houſeleſs, if any ſuch there are (which however is their own fault), to have, on the ſame principle, various views painted of houſes and ſeats, after the manner of Mr. Repton, and in the moſt pictureſque point of view—ſuch as Mr. Pitt's ſeat at Holwood, Mr. Dundas's at Wimbledon, Mr. Roſe's at Cuffnells, &c. &c. &c, and in contemplating in theſe repreſentations, the great affluence and flouriſhing ſtate of their country, the wretched animals whoſe own folly and indiſcretion

indiſcretion have not left them forty ſhillings a year (which is the average price of a cottage), muſt ſurely (at leaſt they ought to do it) forget all *their* trifling inconveniences in the great and patriotic ſentiment of rejoicing in the proſperity of their country. I am ſure the ſans culottes of England, by a little of this management, may become the moſt *docile* and contented race under the heavens.

"I own to you, my dear Sir," would Mr. Wildcodger continue, "I own to you, that not doubting the efficacy of this ſcheme of mine, added to the proper and ſeaſonable reſtraints lately laid on the mutinous, ſeditious, and jacobinical, I am ſure of receiving the thanks of my country as ſoon as it ſhall be

be completely underſtood. Indeed, I know nothing equal to it ſince the introduction of the Mangel Wurzel, or *root of ſcarcity*, into this happy iſland.

"Perhaps you may not have read Dr. Lettſom's admirable treatiſe on this root; and a knowledge of its virtues it may never have been in your way to acquire. I will, if you pleaſe, juſt explain it to you.

"The root of ſcarcity then, at this time ſo much known in England, was originally introduced into this country from Germany, about the time of the happy ſucceſſion of the moſt illuſtrious houſe of Brunſwick. It was but partially known, however, during the reigns of the two laſt kings, who gave but little

little encouragement to diſcoveries of any kind: but at this moment it is *very widely diffuſed.* Since the two very fortunate wars which have illuſtrated the happineſs of the preſent reign, it has been almoſt the only root taſted by the maſs of *common people*, and it has made very conſiderable progreſs towards being in general uſe among the ſomewhat ſuperior and even middling claſſes; nor have I a doubt but that in a year or two more, our affairs being ſtill conducted by our Heaven-born Miniſter, the Mangel Wurzel *, or root of

* It is ſuppoſed that the words Mangel Wurzel mean, to eat worſe and worſe. However diſagreeable the ſound may be, faſtidious people ought to conſider that there is no reaſon why we ſhould live better than our Saxon anceſtors.

ſcarcity,

ſcarcity, will be the only one with which the Engliſh will ‘ be familiar.”

If this be not a ſufficient ſpecimen to give my readers an idea of this able and intelligent man, it is poſſible they may hear more of him as we go along. At preſent, let me merely inform them, that the inſtant he underſtood Lady Belinda's views, he propoſed taking Azemia into his own houſe, where he already had two other ladies as boarders, who, together with his wife, a very good ſort of woman, reſided at a village within twenty miles of London, where Mr. Wildcodger rented an experimental farm.

The Duke was one of his particular friends; but as he piqued himſelf on his

his virtuous propenſities, and talked a great deal about them, it is probable Lady Belinda's pure intentions, aſſiſted as they were by other cogent arguments, over-ruled every other conſideration. Of this arrangement, however, *we* have no means of knowing the minute particulars.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

In maiden meditation, fancy free!

AZEMIA, every where a ſtranger, had no objection to a removal at the pleaſure of Lady Belinda, and was ſoon, by a new viciſſitude of fortune, ſituated in the houſe of Mr. Wildcodger, at his experimental farm in Hertfordſhire.

Mrs. Wildcodger was one of thoſe ufeful little women who ſeem to be ſent into

into the world for the expreſs purpoſe of making cheeſecakes and puddings, and producing children to eat them. Of the few, the very few ideas that were innate in her mind (and of acquired ideas ſhe had none), the chief was the neceſſity of providing for the future tarts and cheeſecakes of her family: and as her huſband had told her that he was to be paid very handſomely for Azemia's reſidence with them, and that by receiving her he ſhould oblige a perſon of high rank, who could be eminently uſeful to him in his purſuits, his obedient and pains-taking helpmate received Azemia with the utmoſt placability, and put her into a very decent apartment. The fortunate poco curanteiſm ſhe poſſeſſed prevented her aſking any queſtions whatever; but when ſhe

underſtood that the young lady was a foreigner, and could ſpeak no Engliſh, ſhe concluded ſhe was a French woman, it never having occurred to her that there were more than the two nations upon earth of which ſhe heard the moſt. Her huſband never took the pains to explain any thing to her, which was, he found, for the moſt part, labour thrown away: he left the myſtery of Azemia to explain itſelf, and returned to London.

In the next room to our fair wanderer lived a maiden lady, whoſe diſpoſition was as great for the acquiſition of all information, as that of her hoſteſs was indifferent to it. This lady, who was called Miſs Griſelda Urſula Ironſide, was of a very ancient and reſpectable

able family in the biſhopric of Durham: ſhe had formerly had that extreme ſenſibility ſo dangerous to youth and beauty; and even now, when, though certainly not old (for ſhe was born only in the year 1733), ſhe no longer felt the indiſcreet ardours of early youth—there was a trembling tenderneſs about her, which neither falſehood nor neglect (and ſhe had ſuffered from both), could ſubdue. It was unfortunate that her benevolence, which was ever willing to exert itſelf in correcting the errors of her acquaintance, and of mankind in general, was limited at preſent to what ſhe could do in a ſmall village, where her efforts to reform and poliſh were by no means received with the gratitude they deſerved. The young had the impertinence to deſpiſe her,

becauſe they thought (however erroneouſly) that ſhe was old; and the upſtart rich, of which there are numbers within twenty miles of London, looked upon her with contempt, becauſe they thought her poor: none of them cared a farthing for her remarks or admonitions; which was the moſt unaccountable thing in the world, conſidering the proofs ſhe continually gave of her diſintereſted philanthropy.

Sometimes, in that languor which reſults from goodneſs counteracted and friendſhip rejected, Miſs Griſelda Urſula Ironſide ſhut herſelf up in her apartment for ſeveral days together. It was during one of theſe periods of melancholy ſecluſion that Azemia became an inmate of the houſe: but Miſs Ironſide,

ſide, hearing ſhe was a French woman, and being then in a fit of juſtifiable ſpleen againſt all the ci-devant inhabitants of Gaul, refuſed to hold any converſe whatever with her. In a few days an accident cleared up the miſtake: Miſs Ironſide diſcovered that the young ſtranger was only a Turk, and her natural benevolence inſtantly re-aſſumed its wonted influence. Actuated by ſo pure, ſo graceful a principle as the deſire of inſtructing, and perhaps of reſcuing from infidelity and the Koran, a very young creature, who there was every reaſon to believe would be tractable and grateful, Miſs Ironſide ſoon made an acquaintance with our beautiful heroine; and forgetting that ſhe was uncommonly lovely (for there was no man in the way with his impertinent

admiration painfully to remind her of it), ſhe really ſet about cultivating by European inſtruction the admirable natural diſpoſition of the fair Oriental damſel.

And here let me pauſe in my narrative, to contradict moſt ſolemnly, on the faith of an author, an invidious report, which I know has been diſſeminated by the enemies of the amiable Griſelda, that, inſtead of pure and graceful motives of genuine benevolence, this reſpectable member of the ſiſterhood of ſpinſters was in reality urged to what ſhe did by a latent hope of procuring from this Eaſtern beauty a ſmall quantity of the balm of Mecca, ſo celebrated for the preſervation or reſtoration of the beauty of the fair ones of the Levant; or, if not

not the balm itſelf, the nature of the materials of which it was compoſed.—Againſt ſuch malignant miſrepreſentations of the beſt actions, how ſhall benignant purity defend itſelf?

For ſome weeks the active attention of Miſs Ironſide to her engaging pupil was unremitted: ſhe taught her ſome Engliſh, though with extreme difficulty, becauſe ſhe had no medium but viſible ſigns through which to convey the meanings ſhe would impreſs. Azemia, however, had a comprehenſion the moſt lucid, and the graceful aſſiduity with which ſhe attended to her leſſons was equalled only by the affectionate attention of her zealous and well-informed inſtructreſs.

Azemia ſang Turkiſh airs divinely.—Miſs Ironſide was a proficient in muſic—ſhe liſtened, and learned to play on the piano forte theſe ſingular airs—ſhe made a baſs to them with ſcientific exactneſs—they were delightful! Every body who heard them was in raptures!—and Miſs Ironſide ſaw herſelf more attractive at her piano forte than ſhe had ever been at fifteen. It was enchanting! all the neighbourhood crowded to her; thoſe who loved muſic, thoſe who cared nothing about it, and thoſe who would rather have heard a concert of cats on the houſe-top; for it was the faſhion, and there was not a creature among *les gens comme il faut*, under the rank of a Baroneſs, but who made intereſt to ſee the beautiful infidel who ſang Turkiſh airs. Miſs Ironſide put at leaſt two-

thirds

thirds down to her own account, and grew ſo good-humoured, ſo bloomingly ſerene on the occaſion, that one would have aſſerted that ſhe had really obtained from her engaging pupil the ſecret of the balm of Mecca.

What pity! that ſo ſweet and intereſting a connection, an attachment ſo conſonant to the pure pleaſures of the female heart, ſhould be broken!—With reluctance we are now to relate how the deprecated event that diſſolved this graceful and affectionate union was accompliſhed.

Miſs Griſelda Urſula Ironſide had a nephew—a *young man*, as ſhe termed him, who, ſtill a member of the Uni-

verſity of Cambridge, reſided there, and who ſeldom failed to call upon her for a day or two as he paſſed and repaſſed from London thither.—He was ſtill, it is true, a young man, not being above five-and-thirty; but as being aunt to any grown-up gentleman, or clergyman, may give inſenſibly a notion of old age, which Miſs Ironſide did not thoroughly delight to think of, ſhe took care, whenever her nephew was mentioned, to inform the company, that he was quite a young man—though being the ſon of her eldeſt ſiſter, a great many years, almoſt twenty years indeed, older than herſelf, it was leſs ſurpriſing to hear him call her aunt; a liberty, however, in which all her fondneſs for him did not induce her to indulge him, when

ſhe

ſhe could prevail upon him to recollect the properer appellation of Miſs Ironſide.

With all theſe deductions made by perſonal vanity in the fear of being thought old, our amiable ſpinſter really was proud of her nephew, and loved him as well as it was in her nature to love any thing.

Her pride was well founded.—The Reverend Solomon Sheeppen was a poet, and had acquired fame, and, what was better, profit, by his poeſy.—He had written ſeveral admirable pieces in the very ſonorous meaſure called blank verſe; and by theſe blanks had carried off prizes. He never paſſed a day in his tranſit from London to the banks of

the oſier-crowned Cam, without ſhewing her ſomething exciting her admiration and applauſe. Once it was a happy effuſion, in this favourite meaſure, called Timothy Tickle, or The Firſt of April; at another time, a moſt beautiful narrative, all in Miltonic verſe, of "moving accident by flood and field," which had befallen a certain Anthoniano, a country divine; and Chloe, Sylvia, Corinna, and Daphne, his four couſins; together with Petronia, his aunt's daughter-in-law; and Jeremy, or Jeremio, a young gentleman of their acquaintance.

This laſt tale was that which Mr. Sheeppen put into his cloak-bag to ſhew his aunt Griſelda before he had it printed in London, whither he was haſtening.

Before

Before he ſaw Azemia, or knew that his reſpectable relation had ſo fair and attractive an inmate, he began, as was his uſual practice, to read in a calm, yet ſonorous tone, this moſt recent production of his muſe; and here, as it is the only opportunity I may have, I cannot deny myſelf and my readers the high gratification of tranſcribing ſome of the moſt touching paſſages, in which his ſublime, though deſultory muſe, happily imitates, and, as ſome opine, rivals, in graceful and dignified familiarity, the Bard of the Ouſe.

He thus deſcribes an affray in which his hero young Jeremy defeats an impertinent fellow, who wanted to behave very rudely indeed to a dormant beauty.

" Hear

" Hear what befel: I in a hackney coach
Was overturn'd that night near Tothill-fields,
And in a black ditch fell.—To the ſnug houſe
Of the coach driver and his ſon I went,
For I was dripping wet. They lent me clothes;
And as I came along near Palace-yard
I met this lovely damſel in a chair:
Her chairmen ſlept, for they had drank of porter:
She too (for lately ſhe had loſt a friend),
Was likewiſe much diſpos'd to fall aſleep *.
I *ſaw and was refreſh'd* †; but had not gaz'd
A moment's ſpace, ere yonder villain came.
Thy friend and I retir'd, and unperceiv'd
Beheld the deviliſh antic tricks he play'd.—

---

* This way, *i. e.* ſending all the parties to ſleep is the manner in which this celebrated poet diſpoſes of his favourite characters when in great affliction—perhaps he may have a view to the mitigation of his readers' painful ſympathy, too keenly awakened, and generouſly mean to ſend them to ſleep alſo.

† The ſight of ſleeping beauty is refreſhing.

Then,

Then, ſudden ſpringing forth, the kennel near,
Into that pool I trundled him:—had it
By chance been even yourſelf, the very ſame
Sauce I'd have given you!"

The anſwer of Timothy, or, as he is elſewhere called, Timotheus, is worthy of his name, full of ſpirit and poetry.

"Who knows," cried Timothy, "his friend thus tumbled
Into a muddy ſtream, and not reſents it,
I hold is baſe.—I'll in a ſharp account
The tumbler puniſh, reſcue the tum*blee*,
And you ſhall know."—"Nay, hold," ſaid Jeremy."

Theſe morceaux cannot fail to give my readers a moſt elevated idea of the poetic talents of the Reverend Solomon Sheeppen. The books are out of print, from the extraordinary demand for them, or I would enrich my memoirs with

with ſome more copious extracts: as it is, I am obliged to reſtrict myſelf to the ſcanty ſpecimens I have from the detached MSS. of Miſs Ironſide. I cannot forbear the following deſcription of a bench on which a nymph was ſeated, who was detected by Jeremy in the very fact of trying to compoſe a ſonnet:

Lonely ſhe ſat upon a painted bench,
Green with white nobs 'twas painted; honeſt Tom,
Inſtructed by young Jeremy his maſter,
Had at his ſummer leiſure painted it.

We will deſcribe anon the nymph, and re-print the very ſonnet that excited the indignation of the Reverend Solomon Sheeppen, D. D. and P. P. to which, with the noble indignation of offended orthodoxy, he gives vent in the

the character of his hero, Jeremy or Jeremio! of whoſe talents at conſolation, when people in great ſorrow happen unfortunately to keep awake, I think the following lines an admirable ſpecimen:

——————— Generous ſympathy
Paus'd in his heart—and quiver'd in his eye:
So, taking up his hat, he ſaid—Good bye!
Open'd the door and walk'd out—with a ſigh.

A farther account of the talents of this great genius, and of the nymph he admoniſhed, a ſiſter muſe, is of a length ſuch as precludes their relation till the enſuing chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

He writes an infinite deal of nothing,
More than any man in Cambridge!

BEFORE we purſue our hiſtory of Azemia, we feel it incumbent upon us to make our readers more acquainted with the Reverend Solomon Sheeppen, and ſome of thoſe to whom he occaſionally had addreſſed poetry admonitory, to which he was on moſt occaſions ſuppoſed to be more inclined than to the *amatory line*.

The

The lady, to whom he in moſt ſententious blank verſe preaches againſt ſonnets and ſuicide, was, and perhaps is ſtill, a muſe. "The daughter of the ſun, whoſe ſoul was made of fire," had once been a dear friend of Miſs Ironſide's; and their great intimacy, carried on under the names of Iphaniſſa and Ultramarina, (becauſe the latter had once a lover in the Eaſt Indies, and had ſaid her heart was there) had only been diſſolved ſince the Reverend Solomon Sheeppen had taken to poetize himſelf with ſuch ſucceſs, that Iphaniſſa, who hated every body that was ſucceſsful, began to hate her friend for being his relation. They had, beſides, a perſonal pique—Mr. Sheeppen abhorred ſonnets and ſonnetteſſes — the lady deteſted blank verſe, which (following very great

authority)

authority) ſhe inſiſted was no verſe at all.

To this animated and animating daughter of the muſes, and to two or three leſs obtruſive ſiſters of the ſhell (the ſmall ſonnetteering ſhell was theirs; Iphaniſſa poſſeſſed an immenſe and ſonorous bivalve of her own), the following lines, or ſomething like them, were addreſſed:

Oh! all ye powers—(in caſe ſuch powers there be,
And if there be not, I am ſorry for it)—
Ye powers that day by day, and all night too,
Smile on poetic parſons, and profeſſors,
Come, and, link'd cloſe in virtuous harmony,
Aſſiſt me.—This day is St. Valentine;
Up jump the maids—quick from their drowſy pillows,
And to the window all agog they run
To know what happy ſwain the fates provide

As

As mate* for life.—Then follows vaſt diſcharge
Of true-love knots, and ſonnets nicely penn'd.
But to the learned critic's eye no verſe,
But proſe diſtracted trotting it away
All helter ſkelter, truly feminine,
Like yelping cur with kettle at his queue!
Forgive me, gentle maids of poeſy,
Maria, and Jemima, Suſan, Anne,
And Dorothea—A man I mean
May laugh, yet love—and much I do admire,
Fair ones, your ſkill, though it perchance is ſhort
Of excellence itſelf. I love a maid †

---

* It is hoped this is a mere miſtake, and that the poet was not ſuch a Turk in principle, (though he denies the exiſtence of female intellect) to mean that all the maids *who were agog* ſhould have only one mate among them.

† When ſome leſs fortunate author declared he loved a maid, the Monthly Reviewers remarked, that he might have loved a widow. From ſuch criticiſm, equally invidious and puerile, the ſuperior merit of Thomſon and the Rev. Solomon Sheeppen exempt them.

Who

Who is ambitious—not imitative;
Who knows to do much more than flirt
Her fan, or make charades; or paint a pink,
Or dance the Scottiſh or the Iriſh ſtep,
Or pen a ſonnet, that fantaſtic folly,
Scum of falſe taſte, and bubble of the day.
Shall Iphaniſſa, ſhe whoſe round black eye
Glancing from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
In a fine phrenſy rolling—ſhall Iphaniſſa
Write puerilities which every Miſs
At boarding-ſchool can do as well as ſhe?

Iphaniſſa, however, loved a ſonnet if it was *legitimate*, joining iſſue with the Reverend Solomon Sheeppen in aſſerting, that fourteen lines rhyming unlawfully together, in quartrains, or alternate rhymes, was a *nullus filius* in poetry, begotten and born between licentiouſneſs and incapacity, had no claim to the ſupport and countenance

of

of the orthodox and chaſte poets and poeteſſes of the preſent day, and of courſe ſhould be baniſhed from all decent ſociety, ſuch as from that of Milton (Shakeſpeare was a dreadful encourager of illegitimacy), Miſs Seward and Mrs. Mary Robinſon, otherwiſe Laura Maria. Mr. Sheeppen held in abhorrence all ſonnets whatever; and the breach between theſe tuneful friends inſenſibly became wider and wider, till the poeteſs, like a prieſteſs of Apollo in the moment of inſpiration, one day ſnatched up the pen, and (which made the difference irremediable) ſent to the Gentleman's Magazine the following ſonnet:

Ill-earn'd applauſe! how bitter is thy ſmart
To thoſe who praiſe excluſive only love!
How light, compar'd, all other ſorrows prove!

Thou

Thou ſhedd'ſt a night of woe, from whence depart
The poeteſſes patience; and the heart
'Mid leſſer ills illume: ſhall Sheeppen rove,
On the high ſummit of Parnaſſian grove,
Blank *Verſificator?*—Alas! thy dart
Kills more than life poetic—all that's dear,
Till we, ſo mortified and pain'd, would change
For phrenſy that forgets malicious tear,
Or wiſh in non-poetic fit to range
Where moon-revolving Faſhion loves to ſip
Her mawkiſh draught, or ſkims with flirting trip.

From the moment this effuſion of the angry muſe was publiſhed in the admirable miſcellany of Sylvanus Urban, all hopes of peace were at an end between theſe two iraſcible ſpecimens of the *genus irritabile*. A paper war of eſſays and letters, ſatire and ſonnet, began in that excellent and impartial periodical miſcellany, the Gentleman's Magazine; and the acrimonious controverſy

troverſy had already continued ſome months, and greatly impeded by its length and frequency Mr. Urban's moſt important antiquarian reſearches, in ſo much that he had not yet had room fully to elucidate the very material point which he had long been endeavouring, with the moſt praiſe-worthy induſtry, to aſcertain. It was as follows:

In the pariſh church of Puddlemarſh, co. Eſſex, on the left as you go from the very antique font of pudding ſtone, (which by the bye is a very curious monument of antiquity) towards the aiſle leading to the altar, and about the height of a man's ſhoulder, is a ſmall horizontal ſepulchral ſtone, which ſeems to be part of a ſarcophagus, and is ſuppoſed, from the ſtyle of its workmanſhip, to

have been erected A. D. 1667, or thereabouts; the letters visible on it are, Da . . . . . is . . . . . pot . . . . . r,— Now the question is, whether it was not raised in memory of *Dame* Elizabeth Pottinger, third wife of Sir Peter Pottinger, Kt. of Pottinger Hall, co. Es. and daughter of Stephen Stickler, Gent. of Stump Court, co. Suffolk, by Patience, daughter and co-heiress of Francis Fiddleford of Quizbury, co. Norfolk: —"To this opinion," says Mr. Sylvanus Urban, "I am myself strongly inclined; though willing to give every praise to the ingenious conjecture of my obliging correspondent P. Q. who, on the information of certain old persons in the neighbourhood, thinks himself authorised in maintaining that it is a memorial of one Daniel Purvis, a potter,

who

who was a notorious republican in that village, and died ſo juſtly execrated by his neighbours, that, after his relations had erected this ſtone, it was immediately defaced by the zeal and loyalty of the inhabitants of that quarter of the hundred; an example which, whether true or falſe, ought to be held up *in terrorem* at the preſent alarming criſis. Which of theſe opinions is founded on fact, I mean, with the unwearied perſeverance ſuch an enquiry merits, to inveſtigate more fully in the courſe of the next ten years."

Now the controverſy between Iphaniſſa and the Reverend Solomon Sheeppen had taken up ſo many pages of the Gentleman's Magazine, that among all the information worthy of the moſt in-

genious and enlightened F. A. S's, with which that reſpectable work has teemed, the moſt important point above mentioned has never to this hour been exactly and preciſely aſcertained.

In this poſture were affairs when Mr. Sheeppen viſited Miſs Ironſide.

Scarce had he finiſhed one movement of his ſpirited poem above mentioned, ending with this animated line—

"So out he went, and wink'd, and bang'd the door,"

when, without any banging at all — light as the breeze that floats over the thiſtle-feathered down, and like the embodied roſy vapour of a half-evaporated rainbow, Azemia entered.

Down

Down dropped the book from the hands of Mr. Sheeppen—he had never on any occaſion ſo entirely loſt his preſence of mind—all the calm dignity of the divine, the reſpectable phlegm of the Engliſhman, were for a moment forgotten!

With inexpreſſible diſmay Miſs Ironſide beheld this unexpected effect.

CHAP. X.

A very long chapter, including an episode, which has as much to do with the principal action as episodes generally have.

THE distress and anxiety occasioned by the passion of the Reverend Poet for the fair Turk, were so dreadful to poor Miss Ironside, that her pity, her tenderness, her sentiment, all seemed annihilated; so that even after the departure of her nephew she became so uneasy, that she could not bear the sight of the innocent object of her apprehensions; and

and Azemia, without knowing why, found herſelf a ſad and ſolitary being, ſubject to the cold and ſupercilious looks of Mrs. Wildcodger, who, from the inſinuations of Miſs Ironſide, began to doubt whether her huſband's loyalty to herſelf might not be endangered by the beauty of this outlandiſh girl, whom Miſs Ironſide had diſcarded from her friendſhip for having, as ſhe declared, meditated the ruin of her nephew, the firſt of all writers in blank verſe, and the moſt promiſing genius of the age.

This eminent luminary had in the mean time travelled to London, publiſhed his poem, and, returning to Cambridge without calling on his aunt, began to conſult with ſome very learned and venerable men whether he could, con-

ſiſtently with his ſpiritual and temporal welfare, marry a Turk. Various and curious were the opinions given on this matter; but that to which the lover ſeemed with the moſt pleaſure to liſten, was the deciſion of the Reverend Doctor Squably, who opined, that, if he firſt converted his intended ſpouſe, he would do an action worthy of all rewards, both temporal and eternal. He talked of the joy over a ſtray lamb till the tears were in his eyes. Mr. Sheeppen wept with him—never was any thing half ſo pathetic: it would have converted the whole French Directory, could they have witneſſed the zeal of the Doctor, and the touching humility of the younger divine, who was too candid to recollect that Doctor Squably had a nephew, who anxiouſly waited for a fellowſhip in the college

college of which he was member, and which his marriage would vacate.

Armed with the ſanction of Doctor Squably, as with a ſhield of adamant, againſt the remonſtrances of his aunt, forth went the Reverend Solomon Sheeppen to reconcile her to his marriage, and to convert the beautiful infidel. Alas! when he got to Bramble-down Farm (the name of the village where Wildcodger's houſe was ſituated), it appeared that Miſs Ironſide had gone with a neighbouring family to Margate, and Mrs. Wildcodger abſolutely refuſed to tell him what was become of Azemia. As much agitated at this news as he was capable of being at any thing, he attempted to perſuade the ſervants to inform him; but failing of ſuc-

ceſs, he returned to Cambridge; and while he called together all the conſolatory ſentiments he had ever heard, he compoſed at intervals a poem of three thouſand nine hundred and ninety-ſix lines, in which he gave ſo charming a deſcription of his ſufferings, that all the ladies who read long poems were enraptured.—It was talked of for above three weeks by all the party who meet at Mrs. Primly's and Mrs. Muſty's: and though nobody elſe but thoſe gentle beings, and the bookſeller who publiſhed it (and of courſe puffed it in his own Review), ever knew that ſuch a book exiſted; he was convinced that nothing but the ſtate of the public mind, which was uncongenial to the tender, the ſublime, and the ſtark-ſtaring phrenſy of poetical enthuſiaſm, prevented its having

having the moſt rapid and extenſive ſale that had ever been experienced ſince the days of Pope.—While the Muſes were thus healing the wounds inflicted by the Graces, ſhe who poſſeſſed the latter in ſo eminent a degree as to have endangered the heart and the orthodoxy of Mr. Sheeppen, was far removed from his ſearch.

A widow of competent fortune, who reſided in the neighbourhood of Miſs Ironſide, had buried at an early age an only child, a daughter, of whom ſhe was paſſionately fond.—Life had from that moment loſt all charms for her but what ſhe found in literary amuſements, and it was painful to her to mix in ſociety: however, the entreaties of her friends now and then drew her from her

ſolitude, and in one of her viſits ſhe had ſeen Azemia with that tender compaſſion which a good mind feels for youth and beauty unprotected and deſtitute. This excellent woman, whoſe name was Blandford, happened to call one morning on Miſs Ironſide, at the very moment when ſhe was in one of her paroxyſms of rage againſt poor Azemia, for having, as ſhe ſaid, ſeduced the heart of her nephew. Mrs. Blandford perfectly underſtood the lady, and the pity ſhe had before felt for the orphan ſtranger now became the moſt active compaſſion. Mrs. Blandford was not one of thoſe who are content with declaring how ſorry they are for the unhappy, and with crying, "Oh! very ſhocking! A melancholy affair indeed! Well! I am exceeding ſorry." Mrs. Blandford

Blandford ſaid but little, but ſhe felt much; and her feelings were all right, for they originated in an upright and excellent heart. "Why," ſaid ſhe, as ſhe looked at Azemia, and afterwards heard the cold and mercenary complaints of Mrs. Wildcodger, and the ſenſeleſs and romantic rage of Miſs Ironſide — "why ſhould I not take this poor young creature, thus deſolate in a ſtrange land, under my protection?— Surely it will be an action acceptable to Heaven, which ſeems thus to have thrown her in my way, under circumſtances ſo truly pitiable.—Alas! had my poor Amelia been ſpared to me, ſhe might have

"Reſembled her in figure as in age.

"Her

"Her mind is yet like that of a child, innocent, and capable of being formed: the expence she will be to me I can well afford—*I* have now no uſe in laying by any part of my income, and in what greater act of charity can I employ it?"

Such were the reflections—in conſequence of which Mrs. Blandford propoſed to Mrs. Wildcodger to take Azemia home with her, and in future to provide for her. The offer was accepted with the greateſt eagerneſs; for that careful gentlewoman was not only apprehenſive leſt her huſband ſhould take a fancy to his lodger, but doubted whether he had ever been paid by Lady Belinda for her board, and indeed whether he ever would be. Certain it was, that

that whenever in talking over their family affairs ſhe had touched on this ſubject, her huſband had eſcaped from it with one of thoſe ſullen replies, which he well knew how to give when his notable moiety teaſed him, and which generally put an end to any farther remonſtrance on her part:—her ſpouſe, though he had been in other times a prodigious advocate for liberty of all ſorts, being in his own family one of the moſt overbearing tyrants that ever a poor meek and pains-taking wife was tied to.

This man of practical ſcientific agricultural fame was now gone into the North to ſee the progreſs made there by a celebrated breeder of Cape ſheep, in improving the ſize of their tails, and in the invention of light carts to carry them in;

in; an improvement that promiſed the moſt happy conſequences to the lovers of, and dealers in, mutton fat.—This journey left the lady of the houſe at liberty to act as ſhe thought proper about Azemia; who, with more pleaſure than ſhe had yet felt ſince her unintentional viſit to England, packed up her ſimple wardrobe as ſoon as ſhe underſtood whither ſhe was to go; for the ſweetneſs and ſenſe of Mrs. Blandford's manners ſpoke to all hearts, and Azemia had felt herſelf particularly attracted towards her the firſt time ſhe ever ſaw her.

In a few hours Azemia found herſelf perfectly at eaſe with her new protectreſs; and in as many days Mrs. Blandford, an excellent judge of the human

human character, found much to be pleaſed with in the innocent unadulterated mind of her protegée. No perſon, among all thoſe through whoſe hands ſhe had paſſed, had taken the leaſt pains to inſtruct her in any thing, and ſhe yet hardly knew as much Engliſh as ſufficed to enable her to aſk at table for what ſhe had occaſion for. Mrs. Blandford found infinite pleaſure in making up for this omiſſion; and ſhe immediately began to teach Azemia Engliſh by the help of an Arabic dictionary which ſhe procured from Oxford, the very emporium of learning of all ſorts, and more particularly of the Oriental languages. Never was there a ſcholar ſo apt as Azemia: to learn any thing from Mrs. Blandford which ſhe deſired to teach her, was indeed to her "the labour

bour of love." Her capacity was naturally good, and ſhe inſenſibly acquired, from her earneſt deſire to oblige her benefactreſs, the habit of application, which, in her earlieſt years, ſhe had never been accuſtomed to: in a word, ſhe could within a fortnight ſpell; in five weeks ſhe could read and tranſlate; and when Mrs. Blandford went from Cheltenham (whither ſhe had gone as ſoon as Azemia became her companion), to paſs the enſuing winter in London, the ſcholar was ſo far advanced as to be able to converſe with eaſe, and to read any thing printed or written with perfect fluency—though ſtill with a foreign accent—which rather added to, than took from, the charms of one of the ſweeteſt feminine voices that ever was heard. The following narrative was

one

one among thoſe ſhe was employed to read to Mrs. Blandford; it came from an intimate friend of hers, who, during a tour through the north-eaſtern counties of England, had promiſed Mrs. Blandford regularly to write to her. The ſtory is ſo well authenticated, that it may ſerve, like that told by the admirable author of the Obſerver, Vol. III. No. LXXI. page 92, to ſubſtantiate the notion of ghoſts and ſpectres, which, as readers ſeem tired of all repreſentations of actual life, and going faſt into the childiſh horrors, impreſſed by ignorance and ſuperſtition ſeventy or a hundred years ago, may poſſibly be very acceptable.

LETTER

LETTER TO MRS. BLANDFORD.

" YOU love deſcriptions; and therefore, as little elſe will ſometimes occur, I ſhall not fear tiring you even by ſuch very ſimple Engliſh landſcapes as alone are likely to offer themſelves. Sometimes I ſhall give you a figure in them, not of a nymph or a ſhepherd, but ſuch as will correſpond with the ſcenery. In that of to-day, and it will not be riante, I ſhall place my ſolitary friend, of whom you have ſo often heard me ſpeak; and if I conclude with the miraculous, you, who have, in defiance of ſo good an underſtanding as you poſſeſs, read, and with pleaſure, the ghoſtly novels that have of late increaſed the

catalogues

catalogues of circulating libraries, will, perhaps, think the ſupernatural the moſt entertaining part of my letter.

" Mrs. Herbert, whoſe narrow income and tender ſolicitude for her ſons, who depend entirely on her, determine her to a very retired manner of life, found even the rent of the cheapeſt houſe ſhe could hire a very great charge on her ſlender fortune; and the very rapid increaſe of every neceſſary expence determined her to accept the offer a diſtant relation made her of a reſidence at his vicarage, where himſelf lives no longer than is neceſſary to receive his tithes, and the cure is ſerved by a young clergyman, who reſides at a town eight miles diſtant.

" I arrived,

"I arrived, on my long-promiſed viſit to my ſecluded friend, in the middle of November; and certainly her lonely abode never could appear to leſs advantage. The country in which it is ſituated is as little intereſting as any I have ever ſeen.—There are neither riſing grounds nor hedge-rows to relieve the wearisome uniformity of common fields on one ſide; on another the eye turns with diſguſt from a dreary moor, interſected by ſluggiſh ſtreams, and apparently the abode only of the otter and the heron: diſcouraging as theſe appearances are, the general character of the country is that of fertility. It would have ſuited the taſte of Dr. Johnſon; but the poet, the painter, or the enthuſiaſt in pictureſque beauty, would undoubtedly travel through it as faſt as they could.

"The

"The pleaſure my friend expreſſed at ſeeing me forbad every remark on the forlorn place where I found her; and in the power of giving even a tranſient ſatisfaction to one I had ſo long known and eſteemed, I was myſelf conſcious of more than I have felt for many months. It was three years ſince we laſt met; and though there was little of happineſs to be remembered on her part, ſhe ſeemed to have pleaſure in relating to me what had befallen her in that time, and dwelt with peculiar delight on the progreſs of her ſons—one of whom is at Cambridge, and the other a cadet at Woolwich.

"When theſe narratives, intereſting to the heart of a mother, were diſcuſſed, we had recourſe to books.—A few odd volumes of polemic divinity were all

that

that the little dark and long-forſaken room, formerly called a library, afforded. Theſe offered us nothing that could beguile even one of thoſe long evenings we were to paſs together. My friend, therefore, ſent, by a weekly meſſenger, to the neareſt market-town for a ſupply of the neweſt books of entertainment. I will not enumerate their titles, or the manufactories they came from: ſuffice it to ſay, that they were returned by the earlieſt opportunity, and gave riſe to a converſation, which perhaps I may relate at length another time.

"I wrote for a ſmall cargo of reading better ſuited to our taſte; and in the interim we amuſed ourſelves by talking over the hiſtories of many of our acquaintance who had entered the world at,

or

or nearly at, the ſame time with ourſelves; Mrs. Cheſterton taking occaſion to ſay, that it might not be an unentertaining or uſeleſs taſk to enquire whether, among the ten or twelve perſons we had named, any one of them was really an object of envy even to us, who were both diſpoſed to believe that fortune had dealt by us unkindly.

" The reſult of this enquiry will perhaps amuſe you at ſome future period. I am now going to relate our obſervations during one of our walks, which in a country ſuch as I have deſcribed, and at ſuch a ſeaſon, were not very frequent.

" But as the ſupply of our table depended on the caprice of the wife of a

rich farmer in the neighbourhood, who ſometimes, to ſhew her conſequence, ſent all her goods to market, without conſulting the convenience of Mrs. Cheſterton; my friend, therefore, found it one day neceſſary to walk to another farm-houſe in the neighbourhood to obtain ſundry articles for our frugal repaſts, and, '*on hoſpitable thoughts intent*,' ſallied forth. I accompanied her, though under that depreſſion of ſpirits which, without any new cauſe, ſometimes overwhelms a mind fatigued by anxiety, or unnerved by affliction.

"My friend was leſs cheerful than uſual; and as we traverſed a flat common field, which, whatever might be its appearance when covered with ripening corn, was now extremely dreary,

we

we hardly exchanged half a dozen words.

" At length, trees terminating this extenſive flat, we entered a long and gloomy lane, ſhaded on either ſide by high elms, whoſe laſt yellow and ſapleſs leaves fell in our path. They were joined by a very thick old wall, almoſt ſtrong enough for a fortification:— withered graſs and weeds covered its top, and filled up the interſtices from whence the mortar had fallen. It ceaſed, and the ancient houſe to which it had ſerved as an incloſure appeared through the broken boards of an old gate or folding door, that opened into the court immediately before the dwelling. The houſe itſelf was built with pointed roofs, and maſſive cluſters of

tall chimneys. The lower windows were half hid by ſome large variegated hollies, long ſuffered to eſcape from the ſheers that had formerly ſhaped them. We paſſed the wall of the court, and entered by a common gate into the farm-yard (filled with ſtraw, racks for cattle, and pigs and poultry), to the farmer's kitchen, to which we aſcended by five or ſix worn ſtone ſteps. The houſewifely miſtreſs of it received us with courteſy, and, hearing our buſineſs, promiſed to my friend the ſupply ſhe deſired.—Declining the refreſhments ſhe offered us, we ſat out on our return.

"As we repaſſed the front of the houſe, I remarked that I had never ſeen a more diſmal-looking place. 'It ſeems,' ſaid I, 'to have been formerly a manor houſe.'

houſe.'—'It is ſtill ſo,' replied Mrs. Cheſterton; 'the poſſeſſor of it has alſo the right over a very extenſive domain. He is a banker in London, and comes down once a year to ſhoot; but he lodges in a cottage fitted up on another part of the eſtate; for it is not eaſy to prevail even on the farmer to inhabit any part of this old houſe on account of its bad reputation, being believed by all the neighbourhood to have been haunted by the moſt perſevering ghoſt or ghoſts that have ever been heard of in theſe parts.

"'There is ſome ſuch houſe in every neighbourhood,' ſaid I: 'I recollect two or three about our former reſidence in Dorſetſhire.'—'I aſſure you, however,' rejoined my friend, 'that the legend

that belongs to this is no common ſtory. The laſt rector, who died a very old man in the houſe I now inhabit, took the pains to write out an authenticated narrative, given by his predeceſſor Mr. Jackſon (who was himſelf an actor in the ſcene), of the extraordinary appearances that had been ſeen in the old manſion we have paſſed, with a ſort of hiſtory of its inhabitant whoſe conduct gave riſe to theſe terrific viſions. My couſin, the preſent incumbent, read it to me when I came to ſettle in his houſe; I dare ſay he put it back into the drawer in the old book-room. When we get home I will look for it—it may ſerve to amuſe us this evening.'

" On ſearching in the drawer, where ſhe thought ſhe had ſeen it depoſited, in the

the deſerted ſtudy, Mrs. Cheſterton found an old manuſcript, written in a legible, but old-faſhioned hand.—It ran thus:

'ANOTHER BLUE-BEARD!

'AN AUTHENTIC HISTORY WELL KNOWN IN LINCOLNSHIRE.

'IN the year 1709, the manor-houſe of Marſh Barton was inhabited by a gentleman of the name of Grimſhaw, who poſſeſſed, beſides that eſtate, other conſiderable property in this and the next county. He was a man of violent temper, and rough harſh manners, but his money made him to be feared; yet he was very covetous, and kept but few ſervants for one of his eſtates. His mother lived to a good old

age in the houſe with him, but, being bed-ridden, knew nothing of what paſſed in his houſe more than he pleaſed to tell her; ſo that his marriage with a pretty young woman, named Mrs. Anne Lilburne, was kept a ſecret from her, under pretence that ſhe would be diſpleaſed thereat, inaſmuch as Mrs. Anne, being the daughter of an officer killed in Spain a few years before, had no portion but her beauty. The old lady at laſt died; but after that the 'Squire ſeemed no more deſirous of ſhewing his wife than he was before, ſo that hardly any of the neighbours or tenants that uſed to go to the houſe knew her by ſight; and none but a woman ſervant, of no good repute, that had lived with Mr. Grimſhaw before he was married, was allowed to be about her, although

it was often given out that ſhe was ſickly and ailing.

'Strange ſuſpicions were ſometimes harboured by the people of the country, for Mr. Grimſhaw led an odd ſort of life. Sometimes he was gone away for a great many weeks together, none knew whither; and at other times he brought home with him, and generally in the middle of the night, certain ſtrangers, who, if by chance they were ſeen, ſeemed to the neighbours to be ſuſpicious perſons. They ſat up, it was ſaid, late, and ſometimes all night long, drinking hard, and were always waited upon by that woman ſervant that was in her maſter's confidence. As to the poor young lady, ſhe was leſs and leſs heard of, and nobody dared to ſay what

they thought; for all the parish belonged to the 'Squire, and he would have ruined any body that had talked against him; for he was vindictive and revengeful, and had put some poor men to prison that had offended him about the game, and others had been obliged in quit the country on his account. The then rector of the parish was of a quiet and somewhat indolent temper, and the fierce and violent lord of the manor was not one with whom he chose to contend.

'Some time about the year 1715 it was given out that the young lady he had married two or three years before was dead; and to all appearance she was buried in the same vault where his mother had been laid some eighteen

or

or twenty months before, and no more queſtions were aſked about her.

'The 'Squire went away ſoon afterwards, and ſtaid ſome months. It was always a joyous time for the people who had any dealings with him when he was abſent; for he was of ſuch a hard and cruel nature, that his dependents trembled before him.

'After being abſent eighteen or twenty months he came home with a lady, quite a young creature, whom he had married in London; and then it was given out that he intended to live more ſociable among his neighbours, and that his lady would keep ſuch company as the country afforded. But the man himſelf was ſo hated and diſliked, that none of

the better ſort of people round would go to ſee him. The Rector dined with him twice, and ſaw the young lady, his new-married wife. She was a very pretty and agreeable perſon; but ſeemed ſo low-ſpirited and dejected, that it made his heart ache to ſee her. She looked, while ſhe ſat at the head of the table, like one who was ſuffering without daring to complain; and every now and then her huſband ſeemed to fix his fierce and angry eyes on her, as if he was not willing her ſorrowfulneſs ſhould be remarked by the ſtranger.

'The Rector liking the ways of Grimſhaw leſs and leſs, went no more; and the ſame gloomy ſilence and ſeclu-ſion reigned about the houſe as was ſeen there before. Hardly any body ever

ever appeared in the family but the favourite houſekeeper, who ſtill governed every thing; and whenever the 'Squire was ſeen, it was only in ſome act of tyranny, or in a ſtorm of paſſion and fury, and he ſeemed to grow worſe and worſe every day; ſo that his houſe was looked upon like the den of a wild beaſt, which all people were afraid to enter.

'In 1715 was the rebellion, and it was ſaid that the 'Squire was gone out to join one of the aſſociations that were made: there was not a ſoul in the neighbourhood for twenty miles about, but what would have been glad to have heard that he had met the rebels, and that they had knocked him on the head. As to the poor lady, his wife, ſhe appeared no more; and there were people

who

who ſcrupled not to ſay, that ſhe was unfairly dealt by, or ſpirited away as the other unhappy young gentlewoman had been before.

'One dark night, towards the end of November, Mr. Jackſon, rector, who was going a journey the next day, went to the window of his room at the rectory to look at the weather, when he thought he ſaw ſomething white move among the trees in the orchard:—he opened the caſement and ſpoke: nobody anſwered: he ſpoke louder, ſaying, 'Who is there?' A low murmuring voice was heard, as of a perſon endeavouring in vain to utter the complaints that pain or terror would have extorted. Mr. Jackſon held the candle out of the window, and, looking earneſtly down thought he ſaw a female

a female kneeling on the ground, with lifted hands in the attitude of imploring ſuccour. He ſpoke again, and the effort to anſwer was repeated by the perſon beneath him.

'Mr. Jackſon was a timid and retired man, an invalid for many years: he had another living in a pleaſanter part of the country, near Lincoln, and never reſided here longer than he was compelled to do, by the ill-natured attempts made by ſome of his pariſhioners to deprive him of his benefice for non-reſidence. ..... His feeble ſpirits were ſtrangely alarmed by the general appearance of the figure on which the light fell; but the features he could not diſcern: —he trembled—he heſitated—and then he heard again a ſort of ſtifled

ſound

found of moaning; and not having courage to open his door, though he hardly knew of what he was afraid, he rang the bell at the head of the bed, and at the ſame time knocked loudly againſt the wainſcot with a ſtick. His only ſervants, a woman who had long had the care of his houſe, and her huſband who worked in the garden and took care of the horſe, were preſently rouſed and came to the door, demanding to know what was the matter? Their maſter, having let them in, directed them to look from the window, where they both ſaw the ſame figure; but now, inſtead of its former attitude of ſupplication, it ſeemed to have fallen againſt the wall of the houſe, where motionleſs it lay half ſtretched on the ground.

'"Tis a woman!' ſaid James Walling, the labourer, 'and, to my thinking, ſhe is dead!'

'Some traveller, I warrant,' cried his wife: 'there a been two or three to our door to-day.'

'The man of peace and charity felt for a moment that it was his duty, as a clergyman and a chriſtian, to ſhelter and relieve her whatever ſhe might be; but fears, of he knew not what, among which ſome apprehenſions of expence failed not to mingle themſelves, half deterred him. The ſervant man had more bowels and fewer ſcruples; and though his wife muttered ſome half ſentence againſt it, he went down unbidden, and, approaching the unhappy object

object on the ground, while Mr. Jackſon and the woman looked at him from the open window, he cried out to them, that it was no traveller nor beggar, but looked ſomehow like a lady, but ſhe was quite cold and ſenſeleſs, and he believed dead. However, without ſtaying for orders, which Mr. Jackſon ſeemed ſtill but half diſpoſed to give, he took her up in his arms and carried her into the kitchen, where he placed her before the covered embers, on the hearth. His maſter and the woman now deſcended; the care of the firſt was immediately directed to the door, which he carefully faſtened within ſide, while James ſaid to his wife, 'Why don't you look at the poor young gentlewoman, and ſee what help you can give her if ſhe isn't quite dead? — How can you have

have ſuch a heart? I think I have ſeen this poor woman before—I don't know where—but be that how 'twill, don't let her die without help.'

'This awakened ſomething like humanity; and indeed, what little could ever be produced in the half-petrified boſom of the woman, could not but be engaged on contemplating the piteous object before her. She now began to rub the palms of her hands, and, taking ſome brandy from a cupboard, chafed her temples and applied it to her noſe.

'After a while the young perſon opened her eyes; and the firſt uſe ſhe made of her ſpeech was to conjure Mr. Jackſon, in a feeble voice, not to let her be carried back to Barton-Marſh Houſe.

Houſe. It proved to be the poor young lady, wife to 'Squire Grimſhaw, who, in a dying condition, had eſcaped from the den of her mercileſs tyrant, and entreated Mr. Jackſon to afford her his protection; as the horrors ſhe underwent at the manor houſe (not only from his cruelty and her extreme deteſtation of him, and from the inſolence and inhumanity of the woman ſet over her, but from an apparition that continually diſturbed her and prevented her ever ſleeping, when her barbarous perſecutors left her any repoſe), were ſo great, her miſery became ſuch, that it was impoſſible to endure it any longer. Mr. Jackſon, timid and cautious in his nature, was, from habits of intereſted compliance, abjectly afraid of offending any rich or powerful man; he therefore

heſitated

hesitated whether he should receive and protect the unhappy young creature who had thus thrown herself upon his mercy: yet he could not look upon her, nor listen to the plaintive and trembling voice in which she attempted incoherently to relate her wretched condition, without feeling it to be his duty, as a christian and a man, to defend her. His natural cowardice, however, and the extreme fear that Grimshaw inspired in the neighbourhood, would have prevented the good effects of these feelings, if his servant, who had more spirit and humanity than himself, and by whom he was very much governed, had not declared, that 'while he had a drop of blood left the poor gentlewoman should not be forced back by no such hard-hearted tyrant as the 'Squire.' His wife praised

his

his reſolution; and their maſter conſidering that he was to go away in the morning, and of courſe might eſcape being any party in the buſineſs if Grimſhaw ſhould be troubleſome, conſented to let the poor young woman be led by the female ſervant to a bed, where he left her without farther enquiry, and at day-break ſet forward as he had intended on his journey.

'The woman, though of a harſh, cold, and covetous diſpoſition, was moved by the wretched ſituation of the unfortunate young perſon: and her intereſt came in aid of her compaſſion, when ſhe learned that the family of Mrs. Grimſhaw were rich tradeſmen in London; and that though ſhe had been ſacrificed to her wicked and cruel huſband,

band, in order to leave more money at the diſpoſal of her father for a favourite ſon; yet, her father being as ſhe believed dead, her mother and an uncle, as well as that brother himſelf to whoſe advantage her father had made her a victim, would now, ſhe was ſure, not only receive and protect her, but nandſomely reward the humane people who ſhould be the means of her preſervation.

She wrote a few lines to her mother as ſoon as ſhe had ſtrength to hold a pen; but from long diſuſe and great feebleneſs in her hands ſhe could hardly make what ſhe wrote legible. Walling ſet out with the letter, and put it himſelf into the poſt at the next market town,

town, giving his wife a ſtrict caution not to ſay a word to any of their few neighbours, as to their having a ſtranger in their houſe; for he obſerved, that though the 'Squire was gone from the Marſh-houſe, yet Madam Hannah, as ſhe was called, would ſoon ſet out after her miſtreſs, and try to be ſure to hinder her from telling tales—perhaps by killing her for good and all.—'I know well enough,' ſaid the honeſt clown, 'that there have been deſperate bad doings in that there houſe, and I warrant they wou'd not ſtick at nothing. This poor young gentlewoman is much to be pitied, and if I can help it ſhe ſhall not be delivered no more into ſuch wicked hands—for to be certain it is well known that t'other pretty young creature did

not

not come fairly by her end, and I warrant the lady here knows that by more tokens than one.'

"Mrs. Walling had an old grudge againſt the 'Squire for having deſtroyed a whole litter of her pigs with his hounds in mere wantonneſs as he returned from hunting, for which he had refuſed to make the leaſt reparation: ſhe aſſented, therefore, to all her huſband ſaid, and promiſed to conceal from all her neighbours that Mrs. Grimſhaw had taken refuge in their houſe.

"To this unhappy young lady ſhe now ſet about adminiſtering ſuch relief as was in her power: but ſo great had been her ſufferings, her ſmall and feeble frame was ſo emaciated from the effects

of terror, famine, and want of reſt, that ſhe appeared unlikely ever to recover, or even to live till her friends could come to her. Honeſt Walling now began to hope, that, ſince three days were paſſed, her perſecutors were afraid of making any enquiries after her; and as ſhe ſeemed to him, as well as to his wife, to be in a dying condition, he determined not to wait for news from London, but to apply to ſome of the neareſt gentlemen for their advice, and to fetch an apothecary from the next town. Regardleſs, therefore, of the cautious fears of his wife, who recurred now and then to her former apprehenſions of their getting into trouble, he once more ſet forth on his benevolent purpoſe of procuring relief for the ſick lady.

"The

"The first gentleman to whom he applied, and who lived at the distance of eleven miles, was even more the enemy of Mr. Grimshaw than the other magistrates and people of fortune in the county; for he was quite of another party, and a great sportsman, in both of which characters the politics and pursuits of Grimshaw grievously interfered with him. He listened eagerly, therefore, to the melancholy tale told him by Walling; and delighted with the occasion, which he thought presented itself, of crushing a man he hated, he promised Walling all the assistance that could be given to the lady: but, with more prudence than he generally possessed, advised, that another gentleman who lived nine or ten miles the other way, and who was remarkable for his

benevolence, as well as knowledge of the law, might be applied to alſo.—Walling again ſet forth, and obtained not only an hearing from this worthy-man, but an aſſurance of the moſt immediate and effectual ſteps being taken towards the relief of the poor lady—for Mrs. Bargrove, the lady of this gentleman, propoſed ſetting out herſelf, and bringing the unfortunate Mrs. Grimſhaw to her houſe; while Mr. Bargrove himſelf took meaſures for a proper enquiry into the ill-treatment ſhe had received, to which he imputed the ſtrange converſation ſhe had told; imagining, as was indeed very probable, that weakneſs and terror had alienated her reaſon.

"On the arrival of Mrs. Bargrove at the parſonage houſe, attended by Walling,

ling, whom ſhe had directed to be aſſiſted by the loan of a horſe; the woman, Mrs. Walling, was found ſurrounded in the kitchen by all the goſſips in the neighbourhood, and four ſtout clowns, who, till they diſcovered who the party were, had reſiſted their admiſſion. They no ſooner ſaw the good and benevolent Mrs. Bargrove was come to direct them, than ſhe was ſurrounded by the ruſtic group; and while ſome of the women buſtled about to make a fire in the beſt room, and get the beſt accommodations ready for Madam, Mrs. Walling, who could not reſiſt the pleaſure of relating all ſhe knew, began to tell how (almoſt as ſoon as her huſband was gone) they were alarmed by a viſit from Miſtreſs Hannah from the great houſe; 'who, firſt of all, Madam,' ſaid

Mrs. Walling, 'came all at once upon me, as I was a ierning in our kitchen. Lord! when I ſee her I was in ſich a way, one mid have a knock'd me down wi a ſtraw!—So up ſhe comes, and ſays ſhe, "So, Dame Wallings, how do you?"—Says I, but I'm ſure I was as white as that there wall, "Pretty well, thank you, Madam Hannah; how be all you?"—"Oh!" ſaid ſhe, "much as one; maſter ben't at home."—"Theſe are troubleſome times, Dame Wallings."—"Aye, Ma'am," ſaid I, "the be ſo indeed—but the worſe luck's ours."—"So the 'Squire's at the wars, I ſuppoſe."—"Yes; he's a Captain now, Dame," ſaid ſhe, "and gone to fight the Scotch rebuls agin his king and country." So I took no notice, but went on ierning; and I minded that ſhe looked

looked about the room, and about the room, and at laſt ſhe ſaid, "This here houſe ſeems to me to be a better houſe than I thoft; I ſhould like to ſee your bed-chambers, Dame."—"There's nothing to ſee, Mrs. Hannah," I anſwered, but I was read to drop, I was in ſuch a fright; "and beſide," ſaid I, "Maſter have guied me orders not to ſhew nobody them rooms on no account."—"Never mind," cried the bold huſſey; ſo ſhe ſlipped by me, and up ſhe went, and without more ado popped into the room where the poor young lady was lying on the bed, in ſome poor clothes of mine that I had lent her while her own were waſhed. O dear! if you had but ſeen her, poor young thing! ſhe gave a ſhriek, and then fell back dead on the bed, all one as if ſhe had been ſhot.

So with that I told Madam Hannah that ſhe ſhould not ſtay there, let what would come of it; and our Sam and Jack Pilcocks at Mill coming in juſt then, which was lucky enough, I bid um come up; and giving them to underſtand what was the matter, they turned the impudent woman down ſtairs, and out of the houſe; and Pilcocks he was in ſuch a paſſion wi her, that he ſwore if ſhe did not tramp off he would roll her in the ditch without more ado: aye, and drag her through the horſe-pond—for he knew her, he ſaid, of old. Well! ſo when we'd got her out of the houſe, and bolted all the doors, I went up again to the poor lady, who came by little and little out of her fit; but the minnut ſhe opened her eyes ſhe ſcreamed out again—'Oh! ſave me, ſave me—Oh!

there

there is Hannah'—Oh! cruel, cruel!—and ſo ſhe went on, and have gone on ever ſince—quite gone and loſt as one may ſay; and every now and then ſhe frights me ſo that I think I ſhall be as bad as ſhe; for ſhe cries out, that there's the ſpectre of the murder'd ſomebody and her child; and then ſhe ſpeaks to ſomething ſhe fancies ſhe ſees, and ſays, 'No, no, poor Gertrude; I am not gone—I am coming to you—the monſter ſtill holds me; Oh! don't help him! poor Gertrude!' And ſo ſhe goes on from time to time; but never has ſhe ſpoke one word reaſonable, as one may ſay, ever ſince Hannah's viſit; and I'm certain, that if ſhe was to ſee her again, or if the 'Squire himſelf was to attempt for to ſee her, ſhe would die that very moment upon the ſpot.

"From this account, which, though it was very tedious, Mrs. Bargrove patiently liſtened to, ſhe found it would be very difficult to introduce herſelf, a ſtranger as ſhe was, to the poor ſufferer, without a great riſk of making her worſe. However, by the help of a ſkilful apothecary, and the great care and goodneſs of Mrs. Bargrove, who attended her with the utmoſt care and humanity, ſhe was well enough at the end of three days to be moved to Mr. Bargrove's houſe; and the ſame day of her removal her brother came with two friends from London, determined to reſcue her at all events from the hands of her wicked huſband, whoſe conduct her ſurviving friends had always ſuſpected to be bad towards her, though they had no idea how bad it was, nor

how

how much ſhe had ſuffered. It was not before a conſiderable time, and only by degrees, that Mrs. Bargrove heard the following account of all the terrors ſhe had gone through; which, though ſhe heard it only at intervals, as the poor young lady could relate it, ſhe collected in a narrative:

"I am ſure," ſaid the poor young woman, who was hardly nineteen, "that had my father known three years ago, when he married me to Mr. Grimſhaw, the wretchedneſs to which he condemned me, nothing would have induced him to have ſo ſacrificed me."

"Mrs. Bargrove tenderly enquired to what family ſhe belonged?

"My father, Madam," ſaid Mrs. Grimſhaw, "was a ſubſtantial tradeſman in London—my mother, the daughter of a wealthy citizen. I was well brought up; and we might all have lived in competence if my father had not thought proper to take up an opinion that his ſon only muſt be amply provided for, and that his daughters muſt do as well as they could. He hoped he ſaid to ſee his ſon Lord Mayor; his daughters muſt marry whoever would have them. It was in purſuance of this plan that I was, I believe, ſent to the houſe of the perſon who had married one of my ſiſters, when it was known Mr. Grimſhaw was to be there. He paſſed for a widower, and a country gentleman of large fortune. Unhappily, he took a liking

liking to me; while I, the moment I ſaw him, felt myſelf tremble, and a deadly cold ſeemed to ſtrike my heart. I ſhrunk from his civilities with terror and diſguſt; and when he was gone, my brother-in-law rallying me upon the conqueſt, as he called it, that I had made, I burſt into tears. The next day, however, he came to my father's houſe, and again the ſight of him made me ſhudder, and his voice ſtruck cold to my heart.

"Indeed, Madam, had I then dreamed that this man was to be my huſband, I muſt I think have died; but our misfortunes come upon us by degrees, or elſe I ſuppoſe they could not be borne at all.

"In

"In three or four days he made his offer to my father, who accepted of him with eagerneſs as his ſon-in-law: the ſettlements were then agreed upon between them, and even the day was fixed without my being once conſulted:—my mother was ordered to tell me of it, and ſhe bade me not ſay one word of oppoſition, or even one word that might demand delay.—The fatal wedding was ſettled for that day ſe'nnight: it was in vain I knelt to my mother—it was in vain that, on the ground, proſtrate at his feet, I implored my father to have mercy upon me—nay, if they were determined to get rid of their poor Eleanor, to kill me, rather than to compel me to marry a man I could not help hating.

"They

" They both treated me as a ſilly child, that did not know what was for her own good; and my father, ſuſpecting that one of his ſhopmen had ſome regard for me, turned the poor young man away at a moment's notice; while my mother ſent me to my eldeſt ſiſter, who was as hard-hearted as herſelf, and had never loved me: there I was ordered to remain in an upper chamber, where I was teaſed all day during this ſad week, by my ſiſter and brother-in-law's advice; and my mother in the mean time got my wedding-clothes made for me, and, the day before the dreadful one of my marriage, came to tell me that the next was fixed for my becoming the wife of Mr. Grimſhaw. She then ſhewed me the clothes ſhe had prepared, in a way as if ſhe thought that ſuch things would

reconcile

reconcile me to my lot—when ſhe told me that Polly Such-a-one, and Betſy Such-a-one, had neither of them half as much, or half as good clothes on their wedding as mine were; and that *they* were only married to tradesfolks, whereas my intended huſband was a gentleman of fortune, an Eſquire, and had a fine ſeat in the country.

"Never in my life had I been allowed the leaſt will of my own; for though I was the youngeſt, I was not a favourite, and had been uſed to be ordered by my brother and ſiſters, and all the family—I had nobody to help me to reſiſt this cruel tyranny.—Mr. Grimſhaw, I thought, when I dared to look in his face, liked me the better for not liking him, and ſeemed to ſurvey me, juſt

as

as I can fancy a wild beaſt looks at the prey he is ſure to have in his power.—Ah! Madam, the dreadful day came—I was carried to church more dead than alive; and though I never I believe moved my lips, for I was half inſenſible, yet I was congratulated on my marriage by my family, and put into an hired chariot and four, which Mr. Grimſhaw had provided, and, without any friend with me, brought to the manor houſe.

"As I entered it, I felt ſure that it would be my tomb: if it had been ſo directly, how many miſeries ſhould I have eſcaped from!

"The firſt perſon I ſaw when I entered the houſe, was Mrs. Hannah, who was dreſſed

dreſſed out to receive me, as if ſhe had been the miſtreſs of it, and I only an inferior viſitor.

"She ſurveyed me with ſcrutinizing eyes; but I ſaw a great deal of malice and ill nature mixed with her curioſity, as ſhe from time to time ſpoke to her maſter in a ſneering tone, and appeared hardly able to command herſelf from ſpeaking the diſpleaſure her looks expreſſed. Oh! Madam, when, in addition to ſuch a reception, I conſidered myſelf at ſuch a diſtance from my friends, and in the power of ſuch a perſon as Mr. Grimſhaw, whom I had, during our journey, found to be the moſt ill-tempered and fierce man I had ever ſeen (for he had ſworn and ſcolded the whole way like a lunatic), and in that

diſmal

diſmal great houſe, it is impoſſible to deſcribe how my heart ſunk, and how earneſtly I wiſhed, that, young as I was, I might go to my death-bed rather than remain the wretch I was. But, bad as my condition then ſeemed to be, it was, even when I made the worſt of it, far, far ſhort of that I found it really to be afterwards.

"Mrs. Hannah, or, as I was deſired to call her, Mrs. Pegham, was our companion at table, and directed every thing in the houſe, where I was never conſulted; for both ſhe and the man whom it was my miſery to call my huſband, treated me like a child too inſignificant to be noticed. I was very glad of that; for I did not deſire to interfere in Mr. Grimſhaw's family, and was obliged

to

to them for letting me at any time eſcape from the neceſſity of hearing their voices, or ſtaying in the room with them. Mrs. Pegham took upon her to treat me with great inſolence: ſhe ordered even what clothes I ſhould wear, and locked up the reſt, ſaying to me, 'that ſuch a ſilly young thing was no judge of what was proper.' I did not complain, becauſe I knew it would have been uſeleſs, or even worſe than uſeleſs, becauſe Mr. Grimſhaw would only have laughed at me if he had been in a good humour, or ſworn at me if he had been in a bad temper, which much oftener happened; and beſides, I did not care for my appearance, and wiſhed, that, except being clean, I might never look well in his eyes again: ſo that, far from caring about the fineries that were

taken

taken from me, I had no ſatisfaction ſo great as being ſuffered to ſtay up in a cloſet at the end of the houſe, where I heard nothing of what was paſſing; and there I uſed to remain and cry for hours together. My amuſement, when I could take reſolution to dry my eyes, was to write out of a bible, the only book I had for ſome time, ſuch ſentences as ſeemed to ſuit my ſad condition; and this occupied more of my time than one would imagine, becauſe I had not had much learning, and wrote very ſlow: but by degrees, and as I took a pleaſure in it, I began to make out a little better, and the firſt want I found, was of materials for writing. I now and then took a ſheet or two of paper out of an old leather caſe that lay about the parlour, when nobody ſaw me;

me; for I dared not aſk for any, Mr. Grimſhaw having told me once, when I expreſſed ſome wiſh to write to my mother, that he never ſuffered goſſiping letters to be ſent out of his houſe—that my mother did not want to hear more of me than *he* told her—that I was very well—and he forbade my ever ſending letters to any body. I ſaid nothing at the time, but felt a ſtrong deſire to write from that moment; and I was now ſo much alone that I had plenty of time; for Mr. Grimſhaw, to my great ſatisfaction, was ſometimes abſent for a week, a fortnight, or even longer; and though when he came home he was generally in ſuch a terrible humour that nobody but Mrs. Pegham could endure the houſe, my comfort was, that he ſeemed to care leſs and leſs

for

for this unfortunate perſon of mine which had occaſioned all my misfortunes. Yet, when he had driven all his ſervants away by ill humour (for he uſed to abuſe and beat the men ſo that he had actions brought againſt him continually), he would come up into the room where I was allowed to ſit, and aſk me what I did there? And whatever anſwer I gave, it was all the ſame:—he either ſtood raving in the room till I fell ſenſeleſs with terror, or dragged me down to the room where he and Mrs. Pegham ſat, and there he ſeemed to take an unaccountable pleaſure in tormenting me; though, as I was ſo patient, and he had no one fault to accuſe me of, it required ſome ingenuity to find topics of reproach and wrath. One of theſe however conſtantly was, that I was

grown

grown ugly. Far from that making me uneaſy, I rejoiced at it, and wiſhed to be the moſt odious and loathſome of human creatures, rather than ever appear in his eyes an object of what he called love. So paſſed the firſt wretched year of my marriage: at the beginning of that time I had been ſometimes ſhewn to the few people whom he could not avoid ſeeing, as his wife, and had ſat at the head of the table. I thought that once or twice ſome of the gueſts looked upon me with pity and concern: but as ſoon as the table-cloth was removed, I always had a hint from Mr. Grimſhaw to retire; and I never had an opportunity of ſpeaking a word to any of theſe good people, who, if I had, could not perhaps have done me any ſervice.

" Autumn

"Autumn came on, and Mr. Grimſhaw, who affected to be very fond of field ſports, went away into the North a-ſhooting. I knew the time he was to go, for I was lucky enough then to ſleep in a room by myſelf; and I remember, that in a dark morning in October I ſoftly opened the caſement, from which, over an old wall, I could ſee into the ſtable-yard; and when I heard him go out, ſwearing at his ſervants, my heart beat with apprehenſion, leſt, as it was a bad morning, he ſhould delay his journey; for he was very capricious, and often took it into his head to return after he had ſet out, or find ſome excuſe for not going.—He ſeemed always purſued by ſome tormenting thoughts, that never ſuffered him to reſt contented any where many days together.

"However, this time he went—I heard him depart, followed by a ſervant with his gun; and as the noiſe of their horſes' feet, and of the man whiſtling to the dogs, became fainter and fainter, I felt quite relieved; ſo great was the horror of his preſence, and, alas! ſuch ſort of negative comfort was all I could now ever hope to have.

"Mrs. Pegham, who perhaps hates him in her heart, was that day in a rather better humour than uſual. She had ſome friends, ſhe ſaid, out of York-ſhire, who were to dine with her, and ſhe deſired I would dine in my own room, as I had often of late been ſuf-fered to do. I was very glad to do ſo now, and had not the leaſt curioſity to ſee her friends, or wiſh to be a party

in

in the merriment that ſeemed to go on in the beſt parlour, which I heard as I ſtepped acroſs the landing-place of the great ſtairs, to go down as ſoon as I had dined to walk in what is called the lower garden — I had always choſen this place when I was allowed to go out, becauſe it was hid from the windows of the houſe by the great garden walls. On one ſide of this ſecond garden was a row of old fir trees, and a high cut holly hedge beyond them: the walk between led up to a ſort of bower or arbour made of yew, cut alſo, and a wooden table in the middle of it; and ſhrubs, ſuch as holly and lauruſtinus, grew about it, ſo that it was open no way but that which looked down a graſs walk, between the holly hedge and the fir trees. There were table vegetables

grew in the middle of the plot of ground, and on the other ſide was a long double row of filbert trees, ſo old that they met at the top, and formed a ſort of arbour all the length of the garden.

"The evening I ſpeak of was cold and gloomy, though there was but little wind. I walked to the end of the fir-tree walk, and ſat down in the yew arbour. It was nearly duſk, and every thing was quite ſilent about the garden. I fell into reflections on the different ſituation I was in now from that when I was in my father's cheerful houſe in the midſt of a great city, with the buſtle of commerce always about me, and where every body ſeemed ſo buſy, that none had time to think themſelves unhappy. Now, in this cheerleſs ſolitude,

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the ceſſation of the actual miſery I ſuffered in Mr. Grimſhaw's preſence gave me but time to conſider how dreadful my fate was.

"As I thus gave myſelf up to melancholy thoughts, my eyes were inſenſibly fixed on the end of the long dark walk that was before me—when a figure, not diſtinctly ſeen through the gloom, appeared there, and I could juſt diſcern that it ſeemed to be a woman, and was clad in ſome light colour. I felt no alarm, for I thought it was Mrs. Pegham, or one of the maids; I looked ſteadily, and ſaw that ſhe waved her hand as beckoning me towards her. My heart miſgave me—I feared that Mr. Grimſhaw was returned, and that I was ſent for in. I aroſe with this idea,

and walked towards the perſon, who ſeemed to me to wait for me at the end of the walk; but as I approached, the form became more and more indiſtinct, till it ſeemed diſſolved in air; and when I found myſelf cloſe to the ſpot where I had imagined it to be, there was nothing. I looked round me in amaze, but ſtill without terror—I liſtened.—It was, I thought, ſurely my ſight that deceived me, or ſome reflection of the trees in the declining light. I felt rather relieved than alarmed; for any thing was preferable in my opinion to what I had dreaded as the cauſe of this ſummons, the return of Mr. Grimſhaw. But the evening was become very cold, and it was growing dark. The leaves on the ground ruſtled mournfully as I paſſed under two lime trees

trees from which they had fallen, meaning to paſs through the filbert walk, to reach a door that led through an orchard the neareſt way to the houſe. As I did ſo I looked down it, and fancied that about the middle I ſaw the ſame figure that I had perceived before ſtanding quite ſtill. The leaves were thin on the filbert trees, and many had fallen. I now fancied it the dairy-maid, a young country girl, whom I was ordered never to ſpeak to, but whom I *had* ſometimes talked to when I could do it unobſerved: ſhe had occaſionally put me upon my guard againſt the ill-humour of Mr. Grimſhaw, when he returned in one of his frantic fits. She ſeemed to pity me—I felt myſelf grateful for ſuch little acts of kindneſs as it was in her

power to ſhew me. Perſuading myſelf now that ſhe waited there to give me ſome intelligence, I ſtepped down the walk. The figure appeared ſtationary till I was within twenty paces, and I diſcerned it to be a woman; but when I was almoſt near enough to diſcover the features, the viſion again ſeemed to melt into air; and when I reached the ſpot where I thought it had ſtood, there was nothing!

"A cold chill crept over me as I ſtood for a moment looking fearfully round.—I liſtened in breathleſs terror—No ſound but the faint ruſtling of the half-faded leaves broke the dead ſilence of the night, and it became almoſt entirely dark before, with trembling ſteps, I got back to my own room.—I reached

it,

it, however, breathleſs, and ſat down ſighing loud and deep. My terror was not leſſened when I heard the ſigh repeated from a cloſet near the head of the bed, where I uſed to hang my clothes.

"Starting up, I was going on the immediate impulſe of fear to open the cloſet, but a low murmuring noiſe I heard in it deterred me. Faint dews hung upon my face: I became ſick, and caught the poſt of the bed to ſave myſelf from falling. As I had nobody to liſten to my terror, or by reaſoning to remove it, I knew it would be uſeleſs to call for aſſiſtance, and I was a great way from the inhabited part of the houſe. I endeavoured, however, to argue with myſelf, and to enquire what

I had to fear? Stories enough I had heard of ghoſts and ſtrange appearances; but it had alſo been impreſſed upon my mind, that theſe things never were ſeen but by the wicked.—An internal conſciouſneſs of my own innocence, and at the ſame time a full ſenſe of my own wretchedneſs, ſeemed ſomewhat to reſtore me. 'What have I done,' ſaid I, 'that ought to make me fear the dead?—Which way can miſery reach me from among the living? and how can I be more unhappy than I am?'

"By theſe arguments I acquired ſtrength enough to open the door of my room, meaning to have gone down a narrow back ſtairs at the end of a long paſſage, that there joined another narrow ſtairs which led down to the cellars; and

and it was a way by which Rebecca, a woman of the village, who was ſometimes employed in the houſe, uſed to come into my room, ſometimes brought what I wanted; and I meant to call for a candle, which I ſuppoſed Mrs. Pegham's having company for her to wait upon might have occaſioned her to forget. I was ſlowly deſcending, when I thought I heard her coming up, and ſtopped: ſhe ſoon appeared; but the moment ſhe ſaw me ſhe gave a loud ſhriek, let the candle fall, and I ſuppoſe, to ſave herſelf from falling, threw herſelf forward on the ſtairs.—Hardly knowing what I ſaid, I ſpoke to her, and, though we were in total darkneſs, tried to help her up. After a moment ſhe was re-aſſured by the ſound of my voice, and by being convinced it was I who ſpoke to her. I

took her hand; and though my words trembled on my lips, I entreated her to let me know what had ſo alarmed her.—All the anſwer I could obtain was, 'Oh! Madam, you don't know! Such a fright! but it ſerves me as I ought to be ſerved.—I was told laſt year how 'twould be.'

"I found it vain to aſk an explanation of all this, the woman ſtill continuing to lament herſelf; I therefore deſired ſhe would try to riſe and light the candle, for that I was extremely cold in my own room, and wiſhed for a fire. At length I prevailed upon her to exert herſelf to go down, leaning on my arm; but as ſhe went ſhe continued to exclaim, 'Cold! ah, well you may! Poor young thing! Who would be a great

rich

rich lady to live in this houſe?—Not I, I am ſure.' Of this and ſimilar ſpeeches I entreated an explanation, but in vain: Taken up entirely with herſelf, all I could obtain from the woman was, that when ſhe ſaw me upon the ſtairs ſhe had taken me for the ſpirit that walked in and about the houſe, and which the dairy-maid had declared ſhe had ſeen ſtanding againſt the pales of the great granary. I ſhuddered, and earneſtly enquired what was meant. 'Ah! poor young lady, you will know ſoon enough.' was all the anſwer I could obtain from this perſon, who, as we approached the place where it was probable ſhe might be heard by Mrs. Pegham, lowered her voice, and ſeemed to ſubdue her fears by conſidering her intereſt. I could not prevail upon her to ſtay even while

I waited

I waited for the dairy-maid: but ſhe haſtened away, and left me alone in the kitchen; for the ſervants now in the houſe, who were only two maids, and a ſort of farming man, were all employed, as I ſuppoſed, in attending on the friends of the houſekeeper: the kitchen was entirely deſerted.

"It was, however, comparatively cheerful; for there was a good fire, ſupper ſeemed to be preparing, and ſeveral dogs lay round the hearth. I thought it would have been a conſolation, and in ſome ſort a protection, if I could have prevailed on one of theſe to follow me to my room. There was an old water ſpaniel that I had ſometimes fondled and fed, and which had often followed me in my ſolitary walks. I now, fancy-

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ing I heard Mrs. Pegham's voice, haſtened to retire; for the terror of her inſults was as great as almoſt any other; and I had been ordered by Mr. Grimſhaw never to be ſeen in the kitchen. I coaxed the ſpaniel to follow me; and taking up a candle, with which I intended to light my fire, I crept ſlowly back to my own room, dreading to look up the ſtairs, and ſomewhat re-aſſured by hearing the ſound of my four-footed companion's ſteps after me. Hardly, however, had I reached the door of my room before the dog began to howl in a ſtrange manner, and ran away with ſuch ſpeed, that any attempts to ſtop or overtake it would have been to no purpoſe. I cannot deſcribe the terror with which I entered the room; but perceiving nothing, and feeling half dead with

fear

fear and cold, I lit the fire, and, when it burnt up, ſat down and ate what had been ſent me for my ſupper, which Rebecca had left upon the ſtairs. I found myſelf reſtored to a little more courage, but on the apprehenſions of the evening I dared not think. As ſoon, therefore, as I could, I haſtened to my bed, having bolted the door of my chamber, and that of the cloſet, into which I dared not look.

"I know not how, after ſuch dread and apprehenſions, the more terrible for not being aſcertained, my ſpirits ſubſided into compoſure, ſo as to allow me to ſleep: but I had certainly forgot myſelf for ſome time, when I ſtarted ſuddenly at ſome fancied noiſe, and through the curtains of my bed, that were of old thin linen,

linen, I thought I ſaw a figure ſtanding before the fire, which burnt brightly. Involuntarily I reached toward the foot of the bed, and undrew the curtain. I ſaw very plainly a female figure, leaning with her head againſt the mantle piece, while her back was towards me. Immoveable with terror, I remained gazing at it ſome moments, till turning towards me it approached the foot of the bed, where I fell in undeſcribable horror on beholding what appeared to be a corpſe. It looked earneſtly on me for ſome time; then I heard the ſame deep hollow ſigh as had before reached my ears from the cloſet; and gliding towards that cloſet the ſpectre again melted way.

"I cannot well deſcribe the ſtate of mind in which I remained the reſt of the night;

night; but the moment I ſaw day-light gleaming through the ſhutters I opened them, and ſat there till it became broad day, when I crept more dead than alive to the kitchen, where my appearance at that unuſual hour, and the horror marked on my countenance, were obſerved by the old ſervant who was moſt in Mrs. Pegham's confidence, and who might well be called one of my keepers. She aſked me fiercely and brutally what I did there, and why I looked ſo white? I told her that I had been very much terrified during the night by ſomething that had appeared in my room: to which ſhe gave me only a harſh anſwer, ſaying, I had better ſpeak to Mrs. Pegham, and hear what *ſhe* would ſay, forſooth, to my indulging ſuch vagaries. Contrary, however, to my expectation, Mrs. Pegham

ſent

ſent for me to breakfaſt with her; and the woman having told her what I had ſaid, ſhe affected to laugh at my fears, and told me that ſhe ſuppoſed I had takenſuch fancies into my head in conſequence of ſome nonſenſical ſtories I had heard of the houſe being haunted; 'but ſuch things are always ſaid in theſe lone villages,' added ſhe, 'of old faſhioned houſes like this. I would not adviſe you to take any notice of theſe nonſenſical ſtories to Mr. Grimſhaw; for he will be very angry, and has often declared he ſhould be tempted to ſend any body to the other world to keep company with ghoſts, if they were ſuch ideots as to talk of them in his houſe. I aſſure you he has turned three or four ſervants out of doors for it already.'

"Ah!

"'Ah!' thought I, 'how glad I ſhould be, if he would turn *me* out of doors!—And how willingly I would beg my way to London, if he would but let me leave this houſe of horrors!'

"Mrs. Pegham, however, was more civil than uſual to me during the reſt of the day: ſhe kept me to dine with her in the parlour; when, juſt as we were ſitting down to table, a man's voice was heard in the hall. I turned pale with terror, concluding it to be Mr. Grimſhaw returned; when, to my great aſtoniſhment, I ſaw come into the room Mr. Auberry, the young man who had lived ſome time with my father, and who had ſhewn ſome partiality for me. He ſeemed in great confuſion and diſtreſs of mind; and as he addreſſed himſelf

to

to me, as the miſtreſs of the houſe, I ſaw that he was ſtruck with the change that had taken place in my appearance; while, as he turned to anſwer Mrs. Pegham's rude enquiry of what his buſineſs was, and what was his name? I perceived his eyes lighten, and his cheeks glow with indignation.—For my own part, I waited in breathleſs fear for the end of the dialogue between them, expecting nothing but to hear that my father or mother was dead, or that ſome great misfortune had happened to my family.

"When with a trembling voice I made the enquiry, he aſſured me that they were all well; but, he added, imprudently enough, that my father had lately been much troubled in mind about

about me, from certain dreams he and my mother had been afflicted with, and that they neither of them were able to reſt till ſomebody they could depend upon had ſeen me: therefore, as he was travelling into the north of England for orders, being ſhortly to be taken into partnerſhip with my father, he had come about forty miles out of his way to convince them I was alive and well.

"Mrs. Pegham heard him with great impatience, and ſaid, now that he had ſeen me, ſhe ſuppoſed it was enough. She had no authority to invite any body to the houſe, while Mr. Grimſhaw was abroad, ſo it was not in her power to aſk him to dinner; but if he choſe a glaſs of wine, or ale, or the like, he was welcome. I then ventured to ſpeak,

and

and told her that I hoped ſhe would allow *me* to invite Mr. Auberry to dinner, that I might have time to enquire after my friends, whom I had not heard of for ſo long a time. Auberry refuſed eating any thing, but ſaid he hoped the houſekeeper's permiſſion was not neceſſary to ſpeak to me, which he deſired to do alone; but ſhe poſitively refuſed, and told him, that if he came there only to ſet a young woman againſt her huſband, and make unhappineſs and diſcontent in a family, the ſooner he was gone the better:—that ſhe ſhould let no young fellows that came rambling about talk to Mr. Grimſhaw's wife, and ſhe deſired him to walk out, and not give her the trouble of having him turned out.

"Auberry,

"Auberry, convinced by my looks that my ſituation was dreadful, and feeling all the inſolence of Mrs. Pegham's conduct, perſiſted in ſaying, he would ſpeak to me. Mrs. Pegham haſtened in a rage to the door to call for the farming men, and I took that opportunity to entreat of Auberry not to abandon me.—'Oh! for God's ſake,' ſaid I, 'ſave me if you can! I am the moſt unhappy wretch breathing.—You know not, nobody can know, all I endure.'

"Mrs. Pegham by this time returned, and again inſolently ordered Mr. Auberry to leave the houſe. He again peremptorily refuſed. The woman, who ſeemed to have aſſumed all the qualities of a fury, then beckoned to two men,

who

who came in with pitchforks in their hands, and turned Mr Auberry by force out of doors; while I, driven to deſpair in proportion as this hope of deliverance ſeemed eſcaping from me, clung to him, till the woman, ſeizing me by the arm, tore me away:—then dragging me toward my own room, while ſhe loaded me with reproaches, and proteſted in the moſt virulent terms that ſhe would inform Mr. Grimſhaw of all that had happened, and take care it never ſhould be in my power to attempt to go away again, ſhe locked the doors, barred the windows, and left me to myſelf!

"I had a few hours before thought that nothing could be ſo dreadful as being ſhut up in that room; I now preferred

it to the dread I felt of Grimſhaw's return, and wiſhed for nothing but to die, rather than be expoſed again to meet him.

"Night came, and with it the recollection of thoſe terrors I had undergone the night before—they were not leſs now. About midnight, the profound ſilence was broken by a ruſtling and low moaning in the cloſet: it was as of one confined there in pain and uneaſineſs, and ſtriving to get out. If I had had a light, I do not know that I ſhould have had courage to have opened the cloſet, though I had been endeavouring to obtain ſufficient reſolution, by repeating to myſelf the queſtion—What have I to fear? and would not death be welcome?—As I had no light, I made

that

that a ſort of excuſe to myſelf for not attempting to aſſure myſelf of the cauſe of this extraordinary noiſe—to which I had not liſtened, in increaſed terror, above half an hour, before a pale diſmal light gleamed through the room. I put back my curtain, and ſaw the ſame figure I had ſeen the night before—it glided from the cloſet-door, and placed itſelf again at the foot of the bed. I attempted in vain to ſhriek, to ſpeak—fear quite overcame me; yet I could not withdraw my eyes from the figure, which, after remaining immoveable ſome time, waved its arm, and then paſſed to the door of the chamber, ſtill motioning for me to follow. A ſtrange impulſe, which it ſeemed as if I could not reſiſt, occaſioned me to leave my bed, where I had thrown myſelf without being

undreſſed. I ſtood then within a ſhort diſtance of the object, and to my aſtoniſhment I ſaw it paſs through the door, which I knew to be ſhut; yet I ſtill perceived it on the other ſide gliding ſlowly through the long paſſage that led to the back ſtairs. I involuntarily ſeized the lock. It opened—I followed the ſpectre along the paſſage—it deſcended the ſtairs; on the top of which I continued to ſtand half ſenſeleſs with amaze, and doubting my ſenſes. When the figure had reached the place where one ſtaircaſe branched off toward the cellar, and the other toward the kitchen, it ſtopped and turned—then pointed with one hand down one ſtaircaſe, while it ſeemed to beckon me with the other toward that which led to the kitchen; and then it became fainter and fainter, till, the ſemblance

blance of the human form being loſt, only a blueiſh and very feeble light remained—which ſlowly went on, while, without any aſcertained purpoſe, I followed it ſoftly, my knees trembling, and my breath oppreſſed. It wavered through a great and almoſt empty ſpace behind the kitchen to a large door made for the bringing in wood and turf, which was in winter piled up there to dry for the uſe of the kitchen. Through this door, which ſlowly opened at its approach, the myſterious light moved, and in a few paces I found myſelf ſtanding in the midſt of a wood-yard. The light was no where viſible, but I ſaw a few ſtars above my head. I felt the air blow refreſhing on my face—I breathed more freely—and the idea that I might now leave my hideous priſon for ever, and that Pro-

vidence had interpoſed for my deliverance, ſuddenly occurred to me.

"Having once ſeized this hope, I ſeemed to recover my ſtrength. I looked round the place, in which I had never been above once before, for a door: I found one, and ſeized the latch eagerly, dreading leſt it ſhould be faſtened. It was open: but it led into the orchard; and *that* was immediately under the windows of the room where I knew Mrs. Pegham ſlept. I looked up and ſaw there was a light in her room, and I ran trembling to hide myſelf among the trees, though, as they were almoſt leafleſs, they did not afford me much ſhelter; but I had unfortunately diſturbed a great houſe-dog, whoſe kennel was under her windows, and which I knew was very fierce.

He

He came raving and barking towards me, while, entangling my feet in ſome boughs and looſe wood that was ſcattered under them, I fell, and gave myſelf up for loſt. The dog, however, no ſooner approached me, than he ran howling away as if he had been beaten. This noiſe alarmed Mrs. Pegham.—Judge of my terror when I plainly perceived her open the caſement and look out! After the other miracles I have ſeen, I will not ſay it was miraculous that ſhe did not ſee me, for ſhe did not; though, when I ſaw her ſhut the window, I expected nothing but that ſhe was gone to call the ſervants to drag me to my former priſon, where I was to ſuffer yet worſe treatment than had been exerciſed upon me already. But after remaining ſome moments, and hearing no noiſe,

and ſeeing no other light moving about the houſe, I took courage, and, creeping as much out of ſight as I could, went round under the pales, and found the door that went into that lower garden (which I have deſcribed) a-jar. I hurried through it, ſhutting it as ſoftly as I could after me, and bolting it. I thought now of nothing but my eſcape, for I believed I could get through the hedge by the yew arbour. I croſſed towards it among ſome rows of French beans that were ſtill high, and came into the walk. My heart beat almoſt to ſuffocation as I looked towards the ſeat, for I believed I ſhould again ſee the ſpectre: but figure to yourſelf how much greater was my terror, when, being within a few paces of it, I ſaw (for the evening was clear, and the northern lights

were

were very ſtrong and bright) a man, or what appeared to be ſuch, leaning on the table! He perceived me at the ſame moment—ſtarted out, and ſeized me by the arm. I uttered an involuntary ſcream, and fell almoſt ſenſeleſs to the ground. Terror, however, had not ſo entirely deprived me of recollection but that I knew, as ſoon as he ſpoke, the voice of Auberry.

"'Eleanor! dear Eleanor!' ſaid he, 'by what miracle are you here? This is beyond my hopes. Oh! try, try, to recover yourſelf, and hear what I have to ſay.'

"I clung to him as one drowning catches at an object that offers aſſiſtance; but I had only breath to ſay, 'Oh! Auberry,

do not leave me!'—'I will not,' anſwered he; 'I will not quit you but with my life; but cannot we eſcape from hence?'

"I endeavoured then to recall all my recollection, and remembered that there was a place in the yew-hedge, not far from the ſpot where we ſtood, where I had remarked people had paſſed. I led towards it, and he helped me over a ditch that was on the other ſide. We were then on a wide marſh that ſpreads to a great diſtance, and I looked round with dread that there is no deſcribing. I had never been out of the houſe before, and I was ſure Mr. Auberry could know nothing of the country. However, he bade me have courage, and led me, as quick as terror allowed me to walk,

towards

towards that ſide which he thought led to the road he came. At an ale-houſe on the ſide of that road he had left his horſe, and the nights were now ſo long that we hoped to reach it before day ſhould make my extraordinary appearance the ſubject of remark to ſuch paſſengers as we might meet. The hope of eſcaping for ever from my wretched impriſonment lent me ſtrength. I walked with more eaſe than I expected, and we at laſt found ourſelves on the banks of a river; and to paſs farther ſeemed impoſſible, unleſs we could, purſuing its courſe, meet with a bridge. I ſtill endeavoured to preſerve my preſence of mind; but wearineſs quite overcame me, and I was compelled to entreat my conductor to let me ſit down on the ground for a few moments.

"While I ſat, I entreated him to tell me by what miracle he had thus been ſent to my preſervation. He related, that my father and mother being rendered very uneaſy, not only by dreams that had tormented them on my account, but by reports about Mr. Grimſhaw's conduct to his firſt wife, they had deſired that he would ſee me, and inform them in what ſituation I ſeemed to be, and whether I was well treated. 'I accordingly,' ſaid he, 'came to the next market-town; where, I am ſorry to ſay, that from the anſwers I received to my enquiries, I had not much doubt but that all the reports we had heard in London were true. I learned that nobody ever ſaw you, and that the favourite houſekeeper, not you, was the miſtreſs of the houſe; and I beſides found

found that Mr. Grimſhaw was univerſally execrated as a ſavage and a tyrant. As I came nearer to his houſe, I ſaw the people I ſpoke to anſwered me with mingled fear and deteſtation, and all I could gather of a certainty was, that I ſhould not be ſuffered to ſee you, and that the only way that gave me any chance of it, was to enter the houſe unexpectedly while the maſter of it was abſent, as he now was. I did ſo, and the event you know.

" ' After I was compelled to quit the houſe, without having an opportunity of ſpeaking to you alone, I was returning ſlowly to the little inn where I had left my horſe, when I was overtaken by an odd, wild-looking woman, who turned, after ſhe had paſſed me, and eyed me with

with an expreſſion that raiſed my curioſity. She continued to look at me, and to mutter till ſhe entered a poor cottage at the end of the village, whither I followed her; and putting half a crown into her hand (a ſum which ſhe ſeemed to conſider as immenſe), I deſired her to tell me if ſhe knew any thing of the inhabitants of the manor houſe?

"'And now, dear Madam,' ſaid Auberry, 'have you courage enough to hear what this woman related to me?'

"I aſſured him I had, and he thus proceeded:

"'She told me, then, that ſhe ſhould be ruined, if ever what ſhe ſaid came to the 'Squire's ears. It was well known

in

in the country, that his firſt wife did not come fairly by her death, and that ſhe was given out for dead long before ſhe was ſo; becauſe ſhe was reduced by ill uſage to ſuch a ſtate, that her wicked huſband dared not let her be ſeen by the relations that he was afraid would enquire for her; and that inſtead of her, a parcel of ſtones was buried, and ſhe lingered in a wretched place under ground, where at length ſhe died; though even then it was believed her end was haſtened by poiſon, or ſome ſuch wicked means, which nobody could do more than gueſs at, becauſe ſhe had never been ſeen afterwards; but that it was well known that every year about the time ſhe had thus lingered and died, her ghoſt appeared about the houſe, and that ſeveral people had ſeen it.'

"O think

"O think what I felt at hearing all this! and how great was my horror when I reflected that I was the wife of this wretch, and might again be in his power. I could with difficulty command myself to liſten to what followed.

"'The woman told me," continued Mr. Auberry, 'that ſhe had been hired in the houſe occaſionally, and was juſt come from thence, having been frightened by the report of the ſervants—that this was the time the ſpirit walked, and that there was more than one bad ſtory of wicked actions done by the 'Squire and his houſekeeper; for it was ſaid a brother of the young lady, his firſt wife, coming from beyond ſea, and landing at Hull, croſſed the country to viſit his ſiſter, whom he had never ſeen ſince her

her marriage, and that he was ſcarce in the houſe above one night before the horrid man picked ſome quarel with him, and ſtabbed him; and moreover, added the woman, they ſay his body was carried to a cloſet up ſtairs to hide it, till they could make away with it; and all the way from that cloſet acroſs the room, and through the paſſage, folks ſay there is drops of blood to be ſeen on the floor. And that is true enough, to my knowledge; for I've ſeen them myſelf. I have heard ſay that the 'Squire have had them floors planed ever ſo many times, but the blood always appears again; and moreover, that at laſt he had the boards turned, and ſome of the worſt on 'em changed, but that ſtill, do what he will, the blood-ſpots came exactly in the ſame place again, as red as

if

if they had juſt ſprung from the murdered gentleman. I then remembered that there were pieces of old tapeſtry nailed down to the floor, quite from the door of that fatal cloſet to the end of the long paſſage, and that once I had dropped a little ring my mother had given me, and was trying to look under this tapeſtry cloth to find it, when Mrs. Pegham, coming into the room, put herſelf in a great paſſion, and ſaying, ſhe had no notion of having the furniture pulled and tore about in that manner, puſhed me away, and nailed the carpet down cloſer than before.'

"This dreadful narrative ſeemed to renew the courage neceſſary for me to attempt making my eſcape. I begged Mr. Auberry inſtantly to proceed, and

again

again we walked on, I believe three miles at leaſt, before we came to a bridge, where it croſſed the river to a ſolitary farm. It was not yet day-light: therefore, after reſting again about a quarter of an hour, I again proceeded—though ſo very weary, that nothing but the extreme dread I had of my tyrant could have induced me to undergo ſuch ſuffering.

"Soon after day-break we reached a market-town, and I now hoped to find ſhelter and repoſe in a ſmall inn. We went under the gate-way, hoping at this early hour to paſs unremarked, except by the people that belonged to it, to whom Mr. Auberry thought he could account for my extraordinary appearance.

"Ah!

"Ah! think what became of me when, ſtanding at a ſtable door in the inn-yard, juſt ready to mount his horſe, I ſaw Mr. Grimſhaw himſelf!

"He uttered a furious oath, ſprang forward, and caught me by the arm. I became inſtantly ſenſeleſs, and only knew, by what I have heard ſince, that he loudly accuſed me of being an adultreſs; and as Mr. Auberry did not deny that I was his (Grimſhaw's) wife, nobody choſe to liſten to any thing he had to ſay, as reaſons why I had left his houſe; but rather aſſiſted, than tried to prevent, Mr. Grimſhaw, when he put me, ſenſeleſs and fainting as I was, into the firſt carriage he could find, and conveyed me back to this den of wickedneſs and murder, his houſe. When

I returned

I returned—(would I had never returned!) to my ſenſes, I found myſelf in total darkneſs. Every thing that had paſſed ſeemed like a dream, and I tried to recollect diſtinctly the ſtrange images confuſedly impreſſed on my mind. As day dawned through my ſhutters, I found I was in the very ſame room from whence I had been liberated (if I had not really been dreaming) by ſupernatural means. Soon afterwards, however, I was too well convinced that the miſeries of my fate were aggravated. My jailoreſs, and the inhuman wretch, her employer, ſoon appeared, and began, with the moſt barbarous inſults, to inſiſt on my telling them how I eſcaped from the room, where Mrs. Regham proteſted ſhe had locked me in. I was deſperate; and without trying to ſoften

any

any part of what I had to relate, I told it all, and repeated all the horrors Mr. Auberry had heard, in addition to thoſe I had ſeen. I accuſed them of a double murder—and added, that I had nothing to deſire of them, but that they would deſtroy me at once, as they had done the unfortunate young officer, and not let me linger like the miſerable victim, whoſe fate I was convinced would ſooner or later be mine.

"Never was ſeen ſurely ſuch malignant guilt, mingled with horror, as the countenance of Grimſhaw exhibited; while that of his aſſociate expreſſed the triumph of daring and confirmed cruelty over every other ſenſation. I was now confined for ſome time on bread and water in a ſort of cellar, which I had

reaſon

reaſon to believe was the place where the poor young lady, my predeceſſor, had ended her miſerable days; but I feared neither darkneſs nor confinement, nor want, equal to the preſence of my cruel perſecutor. Mrs. Pegham found me tranquil—I complained not—I did not aſk for liberty. Nothing moved me but the apprehenſion of ſeeing Mr. Grimſhaw, or the fear of what might have become of poor Auberry, who, I ſuppoſed, muſt have been murdered, or elſe, that he would have informed my friends of my ſituation, who would, I thought, have made ſome enquiry after me.

"When this wretched impriſonment was found to make no impreſſion upon me, I was dragged back to the fatal

room

room ſtained with blood, and the ſcene of former murders; and there I was ſhewn a ſhirt-buckle and lock of hair, which Mrs. Pegham told me inſultingly was ſent by my paramour, as his laſt gift, for that he had been tried for I know not what crime, of aſſociating with the rebels, and was to be executed. At another time I was informed that my father was a bankrupt, and my mother gone into an alms-houſe. Every device was uſed, during many months, to weaken and depreſs my mind, which gradually ſunk under ſuch treatment. I was at the ſame time expoſed to hunger from having only diſguſting food, and my clothes were often inſufficient ſo ſave me from the rigours of winter, or the intolerable diſtreſs of ſqualid dirt, which was indeed the ſevereſt of my ſufferings, except only when

when Mr. Grimſhaw himſelf approached me: then the only ſenſation I was conſcious of was ſomething like joy, that my appearance was ſo wretched, that I muſt be an object of abhorrence to him, inſtead of his finding any attraction in the frame or face which had been the cauſe of his hateful liking.

"I was ſometimes neglected, and without food for two days, and I have reaſon to believe Mrs. Pegham and her maſter were at theſe times out; I tried once or twice to make my eſcape, but in vain. On her return, theſe attempts were always diſcovered, and then the cruel woman uſed to beat and drag me about the room, aſking me why I did not get the ghoſt to come again and let me out? Of the ghoſt I was now no longer afraid.

Rendered almoſt callous by unexampled hardſhips, I ſometimes was nearly unconſcious of what paſſed, and I believe I have, more than once, lain for days on my bed in a ſtate of inſenſibility; then, as if my perſecutors were afraid of loſing their victim, they gave me more nouriſhing food, and relaxed in ſome degree their barbarity.

"No interference, either natural or ſupernatural, now ſeemed likely to ſave me. When I ventured to look forward, nothing appeared but a courſe of the moſt deplorable ſufferings terminating in the grave. If I looked backwards, the memory of former times overwhelmed me with vain and fruitleſs regret. I thought of the manner of my life in my father's houſe, where, though there

there was always a great diſpoſition to ſacrifice too much to the accumulation of wealth, I enjoyed the decencies of life; yet I had ſometimes thought myſelf unhappy, and ſhed childiſh tears over imaginary miſeries.—('How little,' ſaid Mrs. Blandford to Azemia, as ſhe read this part of the narrative! 'how little, my ſweet love, do we know in early youth the happineſs we enjoy, merely from ignorance of evil!—How few are there, who, if they could ſee what this ſubſequent life promiſes, would wiſh for maturity, for middle life—for old age!—But go on, my dear Azemia, my reflections will only make us more melancholy than the narrative we are reading.)'—Azemia proceeded.

"Winter now again approached, and to other diſtreſſes were added thoſe of gloom and of cold.—I had been long ſince removed into the room of blood, becauſe of that I ſeemed to have the greateſt terror, and I had often heard the low murmuring, as of a wretch confined in pain, in the cloſet, and behind the wainſcot of the room; but I dreaded the dead ſo much leſs than the living, that I conſidered this poor unquiet ſpirit as my friend; and ſuch was the deep and ſteady deſpair of my mind, that I wiſhed to converſe with this ſpectre, and to eſcape, as the form it once inhabited had eſcaped, from the inſupportable evil of being in the power of Grimſhaw.

"Such was the ſtate of my mind, when late in the month of October I

was

was one night awakened from disturbed sleep by some noise in my room. I listened; but then every thing was so still about the house, that I distinctly heard the clock, which was at a considerable distance from my room, strike twelve. After a few moments, the hollow undescribable noise that had startled me was repeated: it came from the fatal closet. I looked towards the door—a figure with a bleeding wound in its breast glided to the feet of the bed, and stood immoveable: it did not resemble that which I had seen before. I endeavoured, but in vain, to speak: the spectre pointed to the place from whence it had appeared. I again looked thither, and saw a shade insensibly form, as it were, from a thin vapour into the same figure of a woman that I had before seen, holding an

infant in her arms. This too was ſoon viſible at the foot of my bed: its ſtony and ghaſtly eyes were mournfully fixed upon me, who trembling with a ſenſation I cannot define, but which was not fear, at length, cried—'Tell me what you are! tell me, if I can do any thing for your repoſe?'

"A low ſepulchral voice anſwered—'I am Gertrude!—The wretch deſtroyed me, with the baby you ſee here—the wretch murdered my brother in that cloſet—at this hour three years ſince, he murdered him.—I ſurvived him twenty days and nights—ſo long you will ſee me—try to eſcape my fate!'

"A dead cold pauſe enſued; I remained with my eyes fixed on theſe fearful ſhapes

ſhapes—they ſlowly, ſlowly melted into air!

"Gradually the palpitations of my heart, the tremor of my ſpirits ſubſided. I ſlept; and when I awoke in the morning, I aſked myſelf whether I had not dreamed all that ſeemed to have paſſed; but the circumſtances that had before occurred left me no doubt as to the reality of what I had ſeen. I remembered that for twenty days the image of the murdered Gertrude was to preſent itſelf.—Good God! if formerly I had been told that I ſhould be haunted by a ſpectre, and fear it leſs than the ſight of ſome exiſting beings around me, how ſhould I have ſhrunk from a deſtiny which it would have appeared impoſſible to ſuſtain!

"I did, however, endure it; the next night, the next, and for many ſucceeding nights, the perturbed ſpirit of the murdered Gertrude, regularly at the hour of twelve, preſented itſelf at the foot of my bed; but, inſtead of repeating all it had at firſt ſaid, it only uttered in a moaning and hollow voice,

'Eſcape from a fate like mine!'

I now hardly ever ſlept before the ſhape appeared—expectation of it kept me awake. After it had faded away, I continued to attempt arguing myſelf into a reſolution again to ſpeak; and if I at any time obtained repoſe, it was broken and interrupted. I ſtarted at every noiſe of the wind, as it howled or ſighed through the old caſements of my room, and, at length, hardly obtained,

in

in the four-and-twenty hours, one quarter of an hour's forgetfulneſs. Want of ſleep diſturbed my head and ſtomach. Of the food that was brought me every day, I ſcarce ate half an ounce in the courſe of it. I became emaciated—my eyes were ſometimes heavy, ſometimes wild, and I believe my was reaſon not unfrequently wandering. In theſe intervals I reproached the wretched Pegham; I told her of her crimes, and of her maſter's; I tore up with ſupernatural force the tapeſtry on the floor—pointed to the blood, and ſhriekingly proclaimed that I knew who had ſhed that blood, and to whom it belonged. Such conduct gave Mrs. Pegham a good excuſe to treat me as a lunatic; but in theſe fits of raving and deſperation I ſpoke ſo much that ſhe knew to be true—I aſ-

ſerted

ſerted ſo much that was already ſuſpected, that ſhe dared not ſuffer even her moſt confidential ſervant to approach me; and began, no doubt, to hope that I ſhould ſoon be out of the way of betraying the horrors of this den of infamy.

"Gertrude every night at the ſame hour returned, and always repeated once in a ſepulchral and tremulous tone—

'Eſcape from a fate like mine!'

Eighteen of the twenty days on which I expected theſe nocturnal viſits had now paſſed, when, without knowing why I again felt courage to ſpeak to the apparition, I could only ſay—

'How eſcape?'

When

When the ſhade, waving its hand, pointed to the door—I ſtarted inſtinctively, and haſtened to the door of my room; it ſlowly opened before me, though I heard Mrs. Pegham carefully lock and bar it without every night. The ſpectre glided before me—I followed. It led me down to a ſort of vault adjoining to that where I had been confined. I ſaw the earth riſe a little above the ſurface, as if there had there been a human body buried. The pale funereal light, emanating from the ſilvery and miſt-like ſhade of my diſembodied conductreſs, ſhewed me this: then the form becoming more indiſtinct, ſeemed to creep, wavering before me, till I beheld myſelf, as I had done before, in the open air. I found the great gate of the wood-yard open. I paſſed it, and was at length out of the deteſted habitation;

tion; but ſo weak, and in ſuch dread leſt I ſhould meet either of the wretches I had fled from, that when I had got about half way through the lane leading to the fields beyond the village, I could go no farther, but ſat down on a ſmall hillock, and tried to recover my breath and recollection. I knew nobody in the country likely to receive or protect me; yet ſuddenly I remembered the rector of the pariſh, whoſe houſe I had happened to remark the only time I had ever walked out, becauſe it was ſomewhat ſuperior to the ſurrounding cottages. The road was ſo flat and ſtraight, that I thought I could hardly miſs it, and I acquired courage to venture. How I obtained ſtrength I know not. The night was wet and ſtormy, and at intervals very dark; but as the guſts of wind

wind drove away the clouds, I ſaw the ſtars—I felt ſomething like hope—I truſted in Providence, and at length I reached the aſylum I ſought; but when I was at length under the window in the orchard of the good clergyman I was ſo exhauſted, that I deſpaired of making myſelf heard.—What followed after I was received into his houſe is already known."

It is hardly neceſſary to ſay, that the old-faſhioned language of this narrative has been conſiderably modernifed and cleared for the preſs.

It may be agreeable to ſome readers to hear that Eleanor was reſtored to her family; and after her firſt huſband deſtroyed himſelf, (as he did in Lincoln jail to eſcape being hanged for murder,

of

of which he was convicted with his aſſociate), ſhe was married to Mr. Auberry, who having been, on her union with Grimſhaw, diſmiſſed by her father, becauſe he ſuſpected his attachment to her, was afterwards taken into his buſineſs. Eleanor always retained a dejected caſt of mind, and her conſtitution was much injured; but in the tenderneſs of the huſband of her choice, and the affectionate regret of her family, ſhe endeavoured to loſe the deep impreſſion made on her mind by theſe melancholy and ſupernatural adventures.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.